

men said than in the way the girls smiled.

He had his mind set on something, the gentlemen agreed. And of course he was young. Not altogether dry behind the ears. And a hot-tempered boy, too, who swore at his servant so that the darky went in fear of him, and he couldn't say enough about the latest outrage of the North against decency and sound government. But he'd learn, everyone said indulgently. He'd pick up southern ways.

ONE DAY gone, Mahala thought, shutting the door of her musty room in the tavern that night. One day gone, and I haven't seen Dal; I don't know how he is; I haven't done a thing to get him out. She set the candlestick on the table and sat down wearily to pull off her boots. Men's clothes were a burden and a weariness. Men's ways were hard to learn.

A knock on the door startled her for a moment, but Cuffee's voice made it all right. He sidled into the room and stood holding his cap respectfully. "I've seen those niggas," he said in his soft voice. "I've found out something for you, Miss Haley."

Mahala said quickly, "Don't call me that. Someone might hear." She rose and went over to him. "What did the Negroes say, Cuffee?" Perhaps, between them, they had done something today, after all.

Perhaps Cuffee had been of some use, even if she hadn't.

Cuffee's dark face was doubtful. "They says the white gentleman's going to hang Mr. Dal, for sure," he said slowly. "They says he bin feeling real poorly. Lots of nigras have run out of this town, they says, and the white folks is mighty riled about it. They says it's goin' to be mighty hard to git Mr. Dal outen 'at jail-house."

Mahala steadied herself. "I don't care what they say, Cuffee," she said, gathering her courage into a knot in her mind. "I don't care how hard it will be. I'll get him out if we have to burn the jail-house." She stared at Cuffee for a minute. "What else did they say?"

Cuffee shook his head. "They's willing to help us, can they do it." He looked at Mahala, still hesitating. "They don't know what to do," he said at last.

"We can't wait long," Mahala began to pace the floor. "I can't do anything but pretend I'm going to buy a farm or a horse. If I asked to see the jail, they'd probably think it was queer. We'll have to follow our plan." She looked at Cuffee, to see how he was taking it. After all, he was the one who would have to suffer.

"Are you willing to go through with it, Cuffee?" she asked him. "It won't be easy. They may beat you. And if they do, I can't stop them. I may have to beat you myself."

The Negro bent his head humbly.

—many of Duke's dances in the North are attended by both Negroes and white people—will get up and really throw it around when they are asked to dance, and then will return demurely to their mammas.

The serious thinkers disapprove of the jitterbug and his activities, but Duke says, "If they'd been told it was a Balkan folk dance, they'd think it was wonderful."

After work, Ellington is likely to go to some Negro all-night spot, if they are in Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, New Orleans, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, or some other big town which affords such a luxury. Duke, who is always worrying about keeping his weight down, may announce that he intends to have nothing but Shredded Wheat and black tea. When his order arrives, he looks at it glumly, then bows his head and says grace.

After he has finished his snack, his expression of virtuous determination slowly dissolves. Duke's resolution about not overeating frequently collapses at this point. When it does, he orders a steak, and after finishing it he engages in another moral struggle for about five minutes.

Then he really begins to eat. He has another steak, smothered in onions, a double portion of fried potatoes, a salad, a bowl of sliced tomatoes, a giant lobster and melted butter, coffee, and an Ellington dessert—perhaps a combination of pie, cake, ice cream, custard, pastry, jello, fruit, and cheese.

His appetite really whetted, he may order ham and eggs, a half-dozen pancakes, waffles and syrup, and some hot biscuits. Then, determined to get back on his diet, he will finish, as he began, with Shredded Wheat and black tea.



A Peach Of A Case

A NEGRO LAWYER was visited by a client whose son was jailed on a charge of malicious cutting.

"I've come to git my boy out of jail; can you git him out?" the lawyer was asked.

"What's he charged with? What has he done?"

"He got jealous of his girl friend and cut her up," the client explained, adding, "they charged him with delicious cutting."

"Man, she must be a peach," said the lawyer.

Rebecca Sloan

Duke thereupon pads sleepily about the room, groping for his red bathrobe and red slippers. His bare shanks show from beneath what appears to be a short, old-fashioned nightshirt, but if anyone calls it a nightshirt Duke is insulted.

He says sulkily, "It's an Oriental sleeping coat. Not a nightshirt. Have 'em specially made for me."

When he gathers himself together, he reaches for a phone and orders what for him is breakfast—fruit, cornflakes and black tea with cream. While he is on the phone, he may pick up a pencil and scribble a few bars of music on the pad before him.

With an almost imperceptible increase in tempo, he will eat his breakfast, and then, at a faster pace, he will shave and take a shower. He usually trots out of the bathroom, flings himself on his bed, and douses himself with talcum powder. He also sprays himself with toilet water. When he has dressed, he grabs a hat, flings it away, takes another one, and says, "Tell you what goes with me and hats. I pay twenty-five or thirty dollars for a specially tailored hat and then throw it away and buy one of these dollar-ninety-five corduroy porkies. I love these little porkies."

Duke usually arrives at a dance a trifle late, a common practice among band leaders and one they justify by arguing that they can

make a more dramatic entrance after the band has been playing awhile. Most of the dances Ellington plays for are held in auditoriums, dance halls, or armories that accommodate anything from two to ten thousand people.

In general, or so its members like to think, the more exhausted the Ellington band is, the better it plays. Ordinarily, the tempo at the beginning of a dance is rather slow; both players and dancers have to warm up to their interdependent climax. By midnight both are in their stride.

Sometimes the excitement among the dancers reaches a pitch that threatens literally to bring down the house. Two years ago, a dance in a hall in Arkansas was stopped when the floor began to collapse under the feet of the jitterbugs, and five years ago, in Bluefield, West Virginia, so many people crowded about Duke on the stage that it caved in, fortunately without casualties.

Almost always a group of serious thinkers who attend these affairs just for the music and not for the dancing gather before the bandstand in front of Duke and make profound comments. "The guy is really deep here," one will say, over the howling of the jitterbugs. Another will murmur, "Terrific mood, terrific content, terrific musicianship."

Prim little colored girls sitting along the wall with their mammas

"That's right, Miss Haley. You can't do nothin' but what you're doin'. You got to act mean. But I'm willing to try it." He looked up at her. "Mr. Dal got me out of slavery, and I'll git him out, if the Lord helps me."

Mahala made up her mind. "All right. We'll do exactly as we planned. Go out and make your arrangements tonight. Store the provisions. Get everything ready. Tomorrow I'm going to look at some more farms. As soon as I'm gone, you run for it. And be sure that someone sees you and raises the alarm."

WORD of Cuffee's runaway came to her the next afternoon, by a galloping messenger. The man reined up beside her party as they trotted through watery fields under a warm spring sun. He said, not without some satisfaction because after all the stranger was a Northerner, "Your Negro's lit out, sir. The hotel people heard about it from some of their blacks. He told 'em he was going and they told Bellum, that runs the tavern. They say your boy was going to slip away about noon."

If Mr. Martin turned pale at this moment, Mahala hoped her new friends would lay it to sudden anger at the loss. She rose in her stirrups and cried, "Great God Almighty!" with all the fury and authority she could summon. "Do you mean to tell me he's been captured right here

in Kentucky?" she demanded furiously. "Do you mean to say those damned Abolitionists have come right down here and stolen my man?"

Her numerous hosts explained in a chorus, "He didn't say anyone stole the nigger."

"He run away, Jakes says. He told the other Negroes he was going to run for it."

"Don't worry, Mr. Martin. We'll catch him for you. We know how to take care of runaways in this state."

Young Martin looked bewildered. "Why should he run away here?" That was a natural question. "If he was going to run, why didn't he try it north of the river in Cincinnati?"

Mr. Merriam of Belle Isle, the big plantation of the neighborhood, said, "You probably kept too sharp an eye on him there. Down here, he was left alone and he thought he could make it."

Martin's boyish voice said roughly, "Someone must have told him he could get through. Is there a station of this Underground Railroad they talk about? Have you had any trouble here with nigger stealers?"

Merriam shrugged his shoulders. "No more than any town near the river. We're all bothered, from time to time." He looked at Martin doubtfully. "You may have heard about the Woolly Head we caught here recently. He's in our jail right now, waiting for trial. We caught him with a bunch or twelve Ne-

groes, in a cabin back of my place. One of my boys had sense enough to tell about it before he got away." He looked at Martin for approval. "He won't steal any more property for a while," he said grimly. "We'll take care of *that*."

Mahala allowed young Martin to look helpless, for all his anger. At eighteen, it wouldn't do to be too knowing about such things. "What should I do now?" he asked like a puzzled boy. "I can ride after him, myself, if someone will show me the roads."

The whole chorus drowned this suggestion. "No, sir. We're accustomed to dealing with this matter. As soon as we get back to town, we'll question these Negroes your man talked to, and see if they know where he might have gone. Then we'll get the hounds and a posse. We'll have him back for you," they assured Martin kindly.

The boy was all right, they thought. He was just too young to know how to handle a matter like this. As for their trouble, they assured him, it was their affair, too. No slaveowner could afford to let anyone's slave escape. It started all the darkies to thinking. It ruined discipline; made them discontented. Slaveowners were used to it. There'd be no difficulty. Luckily, they'd heard about this break early. The man couldn't be many miles away yet.

The afternoon was a wild confusion of galloping and racing, of

hounds baying through the wet woods, crashing through the underbrush, following along the freshet-fed streams, throwing back their mournful heads to cry out, while the pack of riders followed, shouting, and Negroes armed with clubs beat through the bushes after them.

Mr. Merriam of Bellé Isle commanded the posse, and twenty eager citizens of Darby supported young Mr. Martin in the truck. Dusk found them somewhat winded, pushing up a long slope through heavy woods. Just the place Mr. Merriam said, for a man to hide. There was a cave that everyone knew about, apparently. The local Negroes might have told Martin's man about it, and the poor fool might be hiding there. From the way hounds were giving tongue, they were right.

The poor devil was crouched like a rabbit behind a burdock, just by some rocks at the mouth of the cave. When hounds struck him, he covered his head with his arms and waited, with the hopeless patience of a tortured animal, until they were called off. At the sight of his master, he cowered afresh. Young Martin was in a towering fury. His light riding whip rained blows on his rebellious slave, his boy's voice stormed. When he was reluctantly restrained by one of his new friends, he cried in a fury that he would have the Negro put in jail.

"I'll teach him to run away from me," he cried, trembling with his anger, as they all could see. "I'll put

The manager of the theater was called, and admitted that if the band was to work it should be allowed to eat. He arranged for food to be sent in. A few minutes later, Boyd was in a saloon overlooking the stage door when a man in the band came out and got into a taxi.

"Did you see that?" asked a woman on a stool at the bar.

"See what?" Boyd said.

"See that nigra get in that cab?"

"Well, he's a pretty nice fellow. He's a member of the Ellington band. Some people think he's a very great artist."

"A very great artist? Well, I don't know what you think, but I always say that the worst white man is better than the best nigra."

Duke tries to forget things like that, and if he doesn't quite succeed, he pretends he does. An hour after the show, Duke was introduced to a policeman who said enthusiastically, "If you'd been a white man, Duke, you'd been a great musician."

Duke's smile was wide and steady as he answered quietly, "I guess things would have been different if I'd been a white man."

Boyd tries to arrange things so that the band will arrive at its destination at about six or seven in the evening, making it possible for Duke to sleep an hour or two before the night's engagement.

If the town is in the North, Ellington can occasionally get into

a hotel, since his name is well and favorably known, but the other members of the band have to scurry around the Negro section of the town, if there is one, and make their own arrangements for lodgings.

Usually they can get rooms in the households of amiable colored citizens, and if they can't do that they often pass the time in some public place like a railway station or a city hall.

Most dances begin at nine and run until two in the morning. On dance nights, Boyd has an assignment that almost tears him in two. He is supposed to "stand on the door" and check the number of admissions to the dance, but he is also supposed to have Duke awake and at the dance hall.

At about eight-thirty, after a half hour's futile effort to rouse his boss, he is in a frenzy. Then, with the strength of desperation—Boyd is a small man and Duke is six feet tall and weighs two hundred and ten pounds—he props the unconscious band leader in a sitting position on the edge of his bed and, grabbing his arms, pulls him out of bed and onto his feet and walks him across the floor. This usually restores a degree of consciousness, which slowly spreads through the rest of Ellington's system. At this point, Boyd tears off to the dance hall, leaving some hanger-on behind to see that Ellington does not go to sleep again.

he says is "a tone parallel to the history of the Negro."

His concert for his race is not entirely impersonal, since he and his band are constantly faced, even in the North, by the institution of Jim Crow.

"You have to try not to think about it," Duke says, "or you'll knock yourself out."

There are times when Duke's cheery calm is shaken and when his dressing room is more like a prison cell than a friendly saloon.

A few months ago the band arrived in St. Louis to play at the Fox Theatre. As the train pulled into the Union Station, Ellington's two white employees—Boyd and Juan Tizol, Puerto Rican and only white man in the band—immediately got a taxi and went to one of the town's good hotels.

Duke and the band members got taxis only after an hour and considerable begging, since most of the drivers didn't want Negroes as passengers, and then they were taken to a rickety hotel in the Negro section.

The next day, when the colored members of the band went out for lunch after the first performance, they couldn't find a restaurant in the neighborhood that would serve them. They didn't have time to get over to the segregated district before they were due onstage again.

They returned to the theatre and arranged for a white man to go out to buy sandwiches at a drugstore.

When the proprietor of the store, making inquiry, found that the sandwiches were for a Negro band, he refused to fill the order.

A few minutes later the men went back to work, hungry, the curtain rose, and from the white audience out front there came a burst of applause. The crowd cheered, whistled, and stamped its feet.

As the curtain was going up, the dejection on the faces of the players vanished, and, as swiftly as an electric light is switched on, it was replaced by a look of joy. The music blared, Duke smiled, threw back his head, and shouted "Ah-h-h!" Rex Stewart took off on a solo that was greeted with fervor, and as he bowed, the musician next to him muttered out of the side of his mouth, "Bend, you hungry fat-head! Bend!"

Everything was flash and brightness until the curtain came down. Then the joy was switched off and there was just a group of angry, hungry Negroes arguing their right to food.

"Can't we eat in our own country?" Rex Stewart said.

"And my son is in the Army!" another man said.

"Are we prisoners or something?" Harry Carney asked.

The band milled around in the gloom backstage. "Gee," said Stewart, "I'd like to go to a valley hemmed in by mountains, just me myself. That would be Utopia."

him in jail with the nigger stealer. Then they can both see how they like running north."

There was a shout of laughter and approval at this notion. "That'll be just the thing. Let the nigger stealer see how he likes sleeping with a nigger. And maybe it'll cure these boys 'from thinking they can get away when your back's turned."

The slave, Cuffee, was roped in a jiffy, his arms trussed painfully behind his back, his ankles tied so that he could barely hobble. Between two mounted men, he was fairly dragged back to the town, down the muddy road and around the bend to the jail-house.

MR. DURKEE, the jailer, did the honors with a flourish. He praised the posse for its efficiency. He thought the plan of putting the captured Negro into the same cell with the nigger stealer was nothing short of inspired.

"That'll learn 'em something," he said several times, slapping his fat thighs as the full beauty of the joke overcame him anew. "That'll give 'em a taste of their own medicine. That'll fix our high and mighty gentleman. That's funny, that is," and he laughed all over again.

Mr. Merriam said impatiently, "All right, Durkee. Show him into the cell. Let's get it over with and go home. We can't stay here all evening."

Durkee was immediately busy.

The large brass key was taken down from the wall. Mr. Durkee became every inch the jailer. Cuffee quailed before him.

"Git in there, you black trash. We'll show you how we deal with runaway nigras in Kentucky." Hobbling the best he could, Cuffee moved forward. The key grated in a rusty lock, the heavy door creaked open.

Mahala North, standing in the guise of young Martin, watched the door swing slowly inward, strained her eyes to see, and saw nothing in the darkness of the inner room. A single window, high in the farther wall, showed a pale square of evening, but the cell itself was washed in shadow. No one stirred. No one spoke. Trembling in the agony of the moment, Mahala took a step forward, staring over the heavy shoulder of the jailer. Dal, she wanted to cry out. Dal. I'm here. It's Mahala. I'm here. I've come to get you out. The unspoken words deafened her, dazed her. She could only gaze feverishly into the dark cell, waiting for it to happen.

Mr. Durkee sensed something pressing in her manner. He said hospitably, "You want to have a look at the prisoner? He ain't much to look at, but you're welcome to see him." He moved forward accommodatingly and held his lantern high, so that its pale beams flowed into the little room.

As though the sight had terrified him, Cuffee began to moan and

pray. "Oh, Mr. Martin, don't put me in no jail cell. Don't shut me up with no nigger stealer. Take me back up no'th with you, an' I'll never run off no more. Take me back up no'th with you . . ." No one paid any attention to him.

Sitting on his straw pallet in the remote corner of the cell was a man. Mahala's eyes fell upon him, in that first moment, without recognition. This is not Dal, she thought stupidly; not Dal. Then the man moved, lifted a shoulder, turned his head slowly to look at his visitors. That face, so white, so very thin, the eyes staring dead black from the pallor of their setting, the lips almost colorless, set in a line of contempt; that figure, wrapped in filthy rags that could not hide the sharpness of the knees and elbows. Dal—Dal, the voice in Mahala's mind was shrieking. You're ill. You're dying. O God, Dal.

Durkee, the jailer, naturally wanted to appear well before his guests. "Git up, you," he said urgently to his prisoner, "Can't you see these gentlemen want to look at you?" He hustled into the room, throwing his light more clearly upon Dallas Ord's bitter face, but it was to be noted that he did not approach his prisoner closely.

"We got a companion for you, Mr. Abolitionist," he said, and slapped his thighs with delight. "We got just the very man to keep you company." He had to pause while laughter shook him. "We got

a black gentleman to room with you," he said, shouting with laughter. "You're so fond of niggers that we went to all this trouble just to get a black boy to keep you from being lonesome. Come in here, you," he shouted to Cuffee. "Come in and meet your friend from up north. He'll be real pleased to welcome you."

Cuffee, black, mud-smeared, openly terrified, crouched against the wall, rolling his eyes at the white man across the room. He was still moaning. "Don' leave me alone with the white man, Mist' Jailer. He kill me sure." Nobody paid any attention to him.

Young Martin—with an effort, the older men were amused to see—finally plucked up courage to swagger into the room. He walked into the dirty little cell and stood face to face with the man wrapped in his tattered blanket, staring them down with the bitterness of his contempt. Young Martin did not shrink from his gaze.

"So you're the man who steals niggers," he said, with a good attempt at bravado. "I hear you're one of the Northerners I've just left behind me. I come from the North," he said with his boyish boastfulness. "I know the kind of man you are. You like to run with niggers. All right. I've brought you one to run with."

The prisoner gave her back a look from his black eyes, hard, fierce, inscrutable. Finally—they were all,

an Ellington theme or the intricate sinuosity of a tenor saxophone as it curls in and out of the ensemble.

To Ellington devotees in Europe, which he toured in 1933 and in 1939, identifying him as a mere writer and player of jazz (his instrument is the piano) is like identifying Einstein as a nice old man.

Some notion of their fervor is apparent in the words of a London critic reporting an Ellington concert at the Palladium. "His music has a truly Shakespearean universality," he wrote, "and as he sounded the gamut, girls wept and young chaps sank to their knees."

Ellington has, like most entertainers, a stage self and a real self.

On the stage, at least when he supplies the "flesh"—the trade term for personal appearances in movie houses—he presents himself as a smiling, carefree African, tingling to his fingertips with a gay, syncopated throb that he can scarcely control.

Part of Duke's character goes well enough with the onstage Ellington who periodically throws back his head and emits a long-drawn-out "Ah-h-h!" as if the spirit of hot had forced wordless exultation from his lips.

He likes to eat to excess and to drink in moderation. He is also fond of what he calls "the chicks," and when they follow him to the station, as they often do, he stands on the back platform of his train and, as it pulls out, throws them

big, gusty, smacking kisses. (He is married, but he has been separated from his wife for fifteen years.)

He has a passion for color and clothes. He has forty-five suits and more than a thousand ties, the latter collected in forty-seven states of the Union and seven European countries, and his shoes, hats, shirts, and even his toilet water are all custom-made.

His usual manner is one of ambassadorial urbanity, but it is occasionally punctuated by deep despair. In explaining his moods, he says, "A Negro can be too low to speak one minute and laughing fit to kill the next, and mean both."

Few people know that he is a student of Negro history. He is a member of one of the first families of Virginia, for his ancestors arrived at Jamestown in 1619, a year before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock.

He has written music commemorating Negro heroes such as Crispus Attucks, the first American killed in the American Revolution; Barzillai Lew, one of the men depicted in the painting called "The Spirit of '76;" and Harriet Tubman, Nat Turner, Denmark Vesey, Frederick Douglass, and other Negro fighters for freedom.

He has also written an unproduced opera, "Boola," which tells the story of the American Negro, and a long symphonic work entitled "Black, Brown, and Beige," which

also lives in fear that Ellington may fall asleep at the wrong time, and since it usually takes an hour of the most ingenious torture to put the slumbering band leader on his feet, the manager's apprehension is not unreasonable.

In general, Boyd's life is not a happy one. It is his job to herd about the country a score of highly spirited, highly individual artists, whose colors range from light beige to a deep, blue black, whose tastes range from quiet study to explosive conviviality, and whose one common denominator is a complete disregard of train schedules.

Often Duke finishes his breakfast in a taxi. Frequently, driven from the table in his hotel room by the jittery, henlike cluckings of Boyd, he wraps a half-finished chop in a florid handkerchief and tucks it in the pocket of his jacket, from which it protrudes, its nattiness not at all impaired by the fact that it conceals a greasy piece of meat.

Not long ago this habit astonished an Icelandic music student who happened to be on a train that Duke had barely caught. The Iclander, after asking for Ellington's autograph, had said, "Mr. Ellington, aren't there marked similarities between you and Bach?"

Duke moved his right hand to the handkerchief frothing out of his jacket. "Well, Bach and myself," he said, unwrapping the handkerchief and revealing the chop, "Bach and myself both"—

he took a bite from the chop—"write with individual performers in mind."

It is in this jumpy atmosphere that Ellington composes, and some of his best pieces have been written against the glass partitions of offices in recording studios, on darkened overnight buses, with illumination supplied by a companion holding an interminable chain of matches, and in sweltering, clattering day coaches.

Sometimes writing a song in no more than fifteen minutes and sometimes finishing concert pieces only a few hours before their performance, he has composed around twelve hundred pieces, many of them of such worth that Stokowski, Grainger, Stravinsky, and Milhaud have called him one of the greatest modern composers.

There are many musicians who have even gone as far as to argue that he is the only great living American composer.

His career almost spans the life of jazz and has figured prominently in the surge which has brought jazz from the bawdy houses of New Orleans to the Metropolitan Opera House and even to Buckingham Palace.

King George's who has one of the world's largest collections of Ellington records, is often found bending over a revolving disc so that he can hear more clearly the characteristically dry, dull thud of the band's bass fiddle pulsing under

for some reason, waiting for him to speak—his lips lifted in a half-smile. He said in a soft, drawling voice, "Quite a little man, aren't you?" and then they saw that he was shaking with his own private amusement, shaking so that, in his weakness, he was obliged to put out a hand and steady himself against the wall.

Mr. Durkee was scandalized. "Here, you," he shouted loudly. "You keep a civil tongue in your head, or you'll be sorry." He raised an arm threateningly, but he still kept a safe distance from his prisoner. The man Ord gave him one look like a blow in the face. Then, deliberately, he turned his back upon his visitors.

Mr. Merriam felt that this distasteful passage had gone far enough. The young fellow had acquitted himself well. The runaway was safe under lock and key. The affair was over. "If you gentlemen will come with me," he said politely to the waiting posse, "I'd be happy to offer you a little refreshment, after our exertions." There was a general movement toward the door.

Young Martin, lingering to give the jailer a handful of money for his trouble, finally joined them,

IN THE SUDDEN darkness of the cell, two men listened. Footsteps thumped over bare boards as the twenty men stamped out of the jail-house. Voices made a confused babble, the last of

them Mr. Durkee's, bidding farewell to his visitors. Then after a pause while the jailer must have stood in the doorway watching their departure, his heavy tread crossed the outer room once more, a chair scraped over the floor, money clinked softly. He would be sitting now, the listeners thought intently, resting after his exertions and counting the tip young Mr. Martin had given him.

Would Durkee settle down, perhaps stay all night, to keep watch over his new charge? Or would the money tempt him to go out? Coins clinked again. Were they being put away for another time? No. Again the slow footsteps crossed the room, hesitated at the doorway, then went more softly down the steps. Mr. Durkee was heading for the tavern. This was the time for work in the dark cell.

Cuffee whispered, "That's Miss Haley, Mr. Dal. Did you know her in gentleman's clo's? She's fixing to git you out."

Ord's hand pressed his arm in the darkness. "I knew her," he said in a queer voice. "I'd know her in any clothes. Is she all right?" he asked the Negro urgently. "Is she safe with those people? Are you sure they don't suspect her?"

His trembling voice worried Cuffee. "Yes, sir, Mr. Dal. She's fine. Those gentlemen don't think any thing about her, excusing she's a rich boy from up no'th, that hates the Nigger Lovers like poison, and

wants to buy her a farm and live right here. Mis' Haley got everything fixed. She made me run away and git caught again. She helped em to find me, and when they got me, she acted up, mad as a hornet." He laughed softly, as though the whole thing had been a fine joke.

"Mis' Haley whupped me good, for those gentlemans to see, and cussed like a nailer. She so mad—" Cuffee listened to Ord's quick breathing in the dark cell—"she so purely mad, she say to put me in here with the Nigger Lover, to teach me a lesson, and those gentlemans was tickled and said that's the very thing." Anxiously he waited for Ord to answer. Something bad ails Mr. Dal, and no mistake, he thought, holding his breath. He ain't laughin' and jokin' like before. He ain't got no spirit. He's low sick, and that's a fact.

Ord said, "I hope to God she gets out all right."

Cuffee decided that they'd better talk about something else. "Us better git to work, Mr. Dal," he said persuasively. "Mis' Haley say don't waste no time. Tonight, us got to git out o' this jail-house."

Dal Ord's voice said, "Did they search you, Cuffee? Were you able to bring anything in?"

Cuffee said, "Yes, sir, Mr. Dal. Mis' Haley helped me stow things for you." He fumbled inside his shirt.

Dal Ord's face flamed with hope. "What does she want you to do?

What's she planned? God," he said, suddenly shaken beyond his control. "I thought she couldn't get here. I thought she wasn't coming, or had been caught." His eyes blazed down at the dark and humble face. "You're a good man, Cuffee, to take this chance for me."

Cuffee looked at him anxiously. "You're sick, Mr. Dal. Us got to git you out powerful fast. I sure thought Mis' Haley go crazy waiting to git here. You go sit down and let's see what can I do to prize open this jail."

Ord said, "I'm all right. I can help." Then the weakness in his limbs made him a liar. Cuffee's arm helped him to the dirty and disordered pallet.

"You see what I says," Cuffee scolded softly. "You ain' goin' to be no help to me, does you fall out. I got to try this door."

From his bed, Ord was suddenly hopeless. "You can't break the lock. I've tried it, night after night. They've put on a new bar—iron—straight across on the outside. You can't budge it. And the window's barred with iron, too."

The Negro was not discouraged. "Those gentlemans doesn't know it, but I been in this jail-house before. I got in with a passel of nigras that ran away from a coffe, and I got out, slick as owl grease. If'n the door don't open, the window will."

Patently, with his large black hands, he began to test the bars of the window. They were apparently

Some call Duke Ellington greatest living American composer

The Hot Bach

Condensed from New Yorker

By Richard O. Boyer

DUKE ELLINGTON, whose contours have something of the swell and sweep of a large, erect bear and whose color is that of coffee with a strong dash of cream, has been described by European music critics as one of the world's immortals.

More explicitly, he is a composer of jazz music and the leader of a jazz band. For over twenty-three years, Duke, christened Edward Kennedy Ellington, has spent his days and nights on trains rattling across the continent with his band on an endless sequence of one-night stands at dances, and playing in movie theatres, where he does up to five shows a day; in the night clubs of Broadway and Harlem and in hotels around the country; in radio stations and Hollywood movie studios; in rehearsal halls and in

recording studios, where his band has made some eleven hundred records, which have sold twenty million copies; and even, in recent years, in concert halls such as Carnegie and the Boston Symphony.

His music has the virtue of pleasing both the jitterbugs, whose cadenced bouncing often makes an entire building shudder, and the intellectuals, who read into it profound comments on transcendental matters.

Ellington is a calm man of forty-five who laughs easily and hates to hurry. His movements are so deliberate that his steps are usually dogged by his road manager, Jack Boyd, a hard, brisk, red-faced little white man from Texas, whose right index finger was shortened by a planing machine twenty years ago.

Boyd, who has been an Ellington employee for some years, yaps and yips at his heels in an effort, for example, to hurry him to a train which in fifteen minutes is leaving a station five miles away. Boyd

RICHARD O. BOYER is on the staff of the New Yorker, and a contributing editor of New Masses. He was formerly editor of U. S. Week and Berlin correspondent for PM.

Copyright, New Yorker
(June 24, July 1, 1944)

THE African Way



WHEN an old Negro native in South Africa was told he had to be taxed because the government, like a father, protected him from enemies, cared for him when he was sick, fed him when he was hungry, gave him an education and, for these reasons, needed money, the old native said:

"Yes, I understand. It is like this: I have a dog, and the dog is hungry. He comes to me and begs food.

"I say to him, 'My dear faithful dog, I see you are very hungry. I am sorry for you. I shall give you meat.'

"I then take a knife, cut off the dog's tail, give it to him and say: 'Here, my faithful dog, be nourished by this nice piece of meat.'"

Magazine Digest

IN DURBAN, South Africa, U. S. Negro Bishop John Gregg stopped over on his way to visit Negro troops in the Middle East. No hotel would put him up. Finally he got bed and board in the McCord Hospital for Negroes.

Said Bishop Gregg: "Maybe this hospital is the right place for me. After travelling half around the world, I have suddenly discovered in South Africa that I suffer from an incurable disease, malignant pigmentation." *Time*

WHEN American Negro soldiers arrived in Liberia, some of their superior officers decided that the native girls' fashions in the interior were bad for military morale. It seems the Liberian girls wore only a small bit of covering instead of a skirt and went around totally bare topside.

One officer got the bright idea of presenting each girl around the camp with a Navy-style undershirt with quarter length sleeves. The girls were so enthused by the gift some even asked for two.

The next day, however, when the officer saw some of the girls wearing their new shirts his eyes popped out. All the native girls had neatly cut out two round holes in the appropriate places.

Robert Capper

solid, set into a heavy wooden window frame. After considering for a moment, the Negro turned away and went to inspect the small iron stove in the other corner of the cell. It had not been lit for a long time, months or perhaps years. Under Cuffee's touch the thing rattled, metal screeched and the old stove tilted drunkenly forward on three legs. Cuffee straightened, with a useful tool in his hand.

"Stove leg as good as a crowbar, pretty near," he said with satisfaction. "Now us'll see how that window bar's settin'."

IT WAS a pleasure to see him work. Dallas Ord, resting on an elbow, watched from his bed as the rusty iron dug into aged wood. The window frame came away in one piece, spike and all, revealing the second line of defense—an iron bar, clamped against the upright bars that guarded the window. Cuffee studied this arrangement thoughtfully. Below the bar, bricks of the wall showed their faded color.

Once more, Cuffee returned to the battered stove and dealt with it. This time he went back to the window with an assortment of tools; a stove lid, a part of the fender. The iron bar was well sunk into the brickwork. For a time it resisted all efforts to dislodge it.

Cuffee was not discouraged. "Somebody put this in," he said, straining against the pry, "and somebody can git it out." Awkward

though it was, the round stove lid did the job. The bolt pulled a little, then a little more. When the final tug came, it let go altogether, and came out with a crunching of brick and metal. The ends of the window bars hung free, as the sill split off altogether, leaving a gap in the brickwork so that cool night air rushed into the little cell like a voice calling from outside.

Dal Ord was on his feet now, working side by side with the Negro, pounding against the old bricks, tearing at the splinters of wood, fighting the wall as though it was an enemy. Cuffee tried to dissuade him. "Won't do us no good to git outen this jail-house if you's so tuckered out you can't run. Mis' Haley skin me for sure if I lets you git sicker'n you already is."

Ord said, "I'm all right. We've got to hurry. Durkee might come back any time now, and if he catches us, we're done."

Cuffee did not appear to hurry, but the bricks began to come away in his hands as though he was shelling peas. The gap widened, became a hole, an opening, a way of escape. Cuffee slid a leg through, bent his back to try the width, then came swiftly back to Dallas Ord.

"It's big enough, Mr. Dal," he said calmly. "Us better be gittin'." His hand supported Ord's body anxiously. "Is you strong enough to make it, Mr. Dal? You got to drop a long ways after you gits through."

Ord shook him off impatiently. "I'll make it."

For all his gentle manner, Cuffee was in charge here. He said, "I'll go first, Mr. Dal. I've studied the ground down there, and I knows how to fall. I kin ketch you, does you fall wrong."

Ord hesitated a moment, then stood back. "Hurry, boy," was all he said. He watched the black shape of Cuffee moving carefully through the pale light of the opening. The round head hung, for a moment, bodiless as Cuffee swung over the ledge, then dropped out of sight. From below, the Negro's voice called softly, "All ready, Mr. Dal." With every atom of his strength, Dallas Ord forced his body to obey his will.

The beauty of Cuffee's plan was its simplicity. Where any guess would say that an escaped prisoner would run far and fast, Cuffee went to ground as near the jail as possible. In the brief time he had, he had foreseen everything, thought of everything, provided for everything.

Just across the ravine from the jail stood a tobacco shed, a great sprawling building, slat-sided for drying the leaf, and on the far side of this building was a pit made to receive the refuse of the tobacco, the wilted tops, the strippings, any sort of rubbish. Above this pit, a heap of debris rose halfway up the rough side of the shed.

Under the heap, in the pit itself, Cuffee had hollowed out a space,

propped it with broken boards, hidden his supplies. It was to this refuge that he guided Ord's weakening steps. But not until, at the very wall of the jail-house, he had forced Ord to stop and change his shoes.

"You got to, Mr. Dal," he said urgently. "They'll git the hounds here, first off, and give 'em a smell of your scent. Mis' Haley brought us extra shoes, a-purpose. We got to change."

Ord was in fever of impatience. "They'll see us here. We've got to get away." But he obeyed, nevertheless. "I can't go far, Cuffee," he said after a few feeble steps. "You'd better leave me. I'll never make it."

Cuffee's arm was supporting him. "Yes, you will, Mr. Dal," he said, over and over. "I got it planned. It ain't far. You'll make it."

Under the pile of tobacco, he wrapped Ord warmly in a blanket and poured brandy down his throat. "Us got to rest," he said, fussing like a mother hen over his charge. "If'n I lets you git sick, Mis' Haley like to kill me. Us got to rest some and git out o' here."

TWO DAYS spent under a heap of evil-smelling refuse would not be pleasant in any circumstances; two days of tense waiting, while hounds coursed up and down the ravine a hundred yards away, and mounted men rode and shouted through the woods beyond, were two days of hell.

Dallas Ord was a sick man; weak

battlefield; if a man is deemed capable enough to help protect us from our common enemies from without; if a man is competent to operate a machine producing essential goods in time of war; then he and others like him are entitled not by tolerance or by sufferance, but by right and in equity and good conscience to an equal opportunity to secure work at whatever honest endeavor of which they are capable, and at a fair rate of pay.

We are fighting this war for that very thing. Let us not forget it when the war ends. Let us not forget it as we plan the great peacetime development of our nation.

It will require the patience of all. It will demand the best thinking of all. It will call for an understanding and sympathy between worker and worker, between capital and labor, between majority and minority.

The great and compelling contributions which all elements of our population have made to the war can, and of right should also, be made in peace, to the end that we as a nation may continue to lead the world by the maintenance of a high standard of civilized living to a realization of the meaning of democracy.

Arms and the Man

RECENTLY an elderly, gray-haired woman boarded a crowded Washington streetcar and was edging her way up the aisle when a soldier who had been sitting to the left of a Negro civilian got up and offered his seat to her. She drew up haughtily and remarked:

"Indeed, I wouldn't sit next to that 4-F Negro."

The Negro looked up at the lady and calmly asked:

"Madam, have you anyone in the service?"

"I have three sons in service and they are all overseas," she replied boastfully.

"Well," said the civilian, "tell them to look for the right arm I left over there."

She reached for the bell cord and got off at the next stop.

Chicago Sun

which to make a worthwhile contribution to the winning of the war.

The acceptance of these work opportunities has, it seems to me, imposed responsibilities upon both employer and employee. At the same time it has brought about a better understanding between worker and worker, between employer and employee.

From this understanding and from an appreciation of the responsibilities and duties which the new advantages have given, it is my hope that the war's end will bring about a lasting improvement in the lot of all who before the war suffered the disadvantages of minority status.

It is inevitable that the demobilization of our military structure will bring about a reduction in the demands of industry for manpower. What the reconversion to peace and the ensuing civilian demands will mean in the post-war industrial and agricultural fields is now the subject of speculation and study.

But of one thing we ought to be certain. That is, that our mustering out of men and industry when peace comes shall not bring about a demobilization of the opportunity for any segment of our citizenship to earn a fair and decent living.

Both capital and labor must share in the responsibility which this aspect of our post-war reconversion demands. The issue is one that is easy to understand. It lies at the

root of our fighting this terrible war.

Men and women of all faiths, of all colors, of all origins who love the democratic way have given their lives, and others are offering themselves daily to the end that this very principal of equal economic opportunity shall be preserved and expanded to encompass an ever growing number.

No side issues ought to be permitted to vary the consideration of this central theme. Whether there should or should not be social equality for minorities; whether there should or should not be segregation of minorities; whether intermarriage between races and peoples is or is not desirable are not necessary facts of the primary issue.

I have little patience with those who, in order to retain and justify their narrow and bigoted view, mix into this question of economic opportunity everything that they can think of in order to befog the issue and win converts to their cause, converts who are fighting phantoms rather than substance.

And let us not forget that equality of economic opportunity presupposes equality of educational and health opportunities.

The future of our nation depends in considerable measure upon the wisdom and justice with which we try to work out our programs.

If a man is good enough to carry our flag through the shriek of shells and the machine gun fire of the

almost to helplessness. It is probable that he would have died if Cuffee had not sustained him. But Cuffee's courage never faltered; he never despaired, never ceased to watch and guard, was never at a loss. Brandy and food from his hidden store gave Ord strength; his certainly gave Ord hope.

"That Mis' Haley voice," he would say, peering from the peephole he had contrived above their refuge. "I kin see her horse. She helping the gentlemans hunt for us, and she goin' to make 'em hunt the wrong way. She got 'em all fooled," he'd say, laughing at the joke of it. "She foolin those gentlemans, fine as cat hair. And when they's tire of huntin' for us, she going to git roarin' drunk and ride off in a big hurry. And after she gits away from 'em, she'll come back and find us."

Ord couldn't believe such luck at first, but when, after the second day, the chase had evidently turned in other directions, he began to hope. He was feeling stronger, he told Cuffee that night. It was time to go. But the Negro still refused.

"Mis' Haley got it all planned. Does we go too quick, we don't meet up with her, like she said. It ain't safe till the third night, Mis' Haley say. Then she goin' to give up lookin' and git out of town. That's when we's got to make tracks."

After the fetid warmth of the rubbish-pile shelter, the spring night was cool when they did start out. Ord was carefully wrapped by Cuf-

fee in a greatcoat and the blanket, folded like a shawl, but the keen air made him shiver, and his legs were as weak as a baby's. Three miles through the dark woods left him exhausted, and he was glad to crawl into a nest of brush when daylight began to paint the sky. Cuffee reconnoitered the ground, then crawled in after him, carefully arranging the twigs to conceal their hiding place.

"Tomorrow night us gits to the place to meet Mis' Haley," he said confidently. "Then us goes to traveling."

When a man is lightheaded with fever, with illness and exhaustion, events slide together, shifting and slipping through his head in a crazy dream. Days and nights flowed past Dallas Ord, daylight and dark; dark and daylight; nights of stumbling through forests, through fields, or creeping along fence-rows, hiding in ditches, crawling into shallow caves, under haystacks. In the sliding dream Ord moved, spoke, struggled, felt himself held and tended beside hasty small fires, drank thirstily when a bowl was held to his lips, slept without changing the dream, and woke to the same dream in the black night when he rose to go on. Somewhere in the dream Cuffee walked beside him, holding him up, helping him to walk, leading and guiding him between the trees of the woods, feeding him, hiding him at dawn.

And the other figure in the dream

might have been only a part of the old dream of his days in the jail. Mahala's hands touching him, her voice speaking to him, her pale face appearing before him like that old haunting vision. What she said to him and what he replied were a part of the old dream, too; the dream in which he had passed days and weeks in his cell, when he had talked to an absent Mahala, argued with her, pleaded with her, cried out to her.

He was not aware when they were in danger, or how far they came, or when they found help. Once he lay for a day in a Negro cabin; black faces looked down at him in the firelit room, black hands tended him. And though Cuffee was a part of that dream, Mahala seemed forever beyond his vision.

Then pain and fever had left him, and the horrible whirling in his mind, the roaring of strange voices in his ears, the shifting, phantasmal shapes before his vision. He lay waiting, breathing light shallow breaths not to shatter this heavenly peace, not daring to believe: it was true that he was safe in a clean bed, that he had finally escaped.

Then he saw Mahala's face bending over him, white, haggard, drowned in tears, but with a radiance of joy upon it, and he heard her voice say brokenly, "You're all right, Dal. You're going to get well. You're safe and the fever's gone. You're going to get well, and I can take you home again."



Send For A Case Of Cure

A DOCTOR was treating a Negro patient for insomnia. He tried every cure he knew and his patient continued to have trouble getting to sleep. Finally in desperation he turned to a new cure.

"Get some fine old Barbados rum," he directed very businesslike. "Cover a lump of sugar in the bottom of large glass. Fill with hot water and drink slowly. Repeat this every hour."

"But doctor," asked the patient somewhat skeptically, "will that put me to sleep?"

"No," said the doctor, "but it will make you not mind staying awake."

John Campbell

NEGRO DIGEST

A Magazine Of Negro Comment

VOL. II

AUGUST

NO. 10

¶ When peace comes, will job opportunities for minorities be demobilized again?

Will Fair Employment Be Demobilized?

Written Expressly for Negro Digest

By **Harold L. Ickes**

THE DIFFICULT and costly conflict in which our nation, in alliance with other democratic countries, is now engaged has re-emphasized the importance of the melting pot out of which our great republic is taking final form.

It has pointed up for all of us the significance of living in the democratic way, and has given sharper definition to the fundamental fact that minorities, whether in economic or social spheres, are essential elements of our kind of civilization.

HAROLD L. ICKES is Secretary of Interior and considered one of the foremost liberals in America.

The global conflict has had another effect. It has opened greater and newer opportunities for work to all elements and segments of the population. In almost every branch of industry, directly and indirectly related to the war, there has been an opening of doors to men and women who heretofore, for whatever reason, were either denied the opportunity to work, or were so restricted as to make satisfactory economic progress impossible.

Now, and for many months past, the "welcome" sign has been hanging at the front door and all corners have been greeted cordially, regardless of creed or color, experience or education. For all there has been a place from which and through

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DIGEST QUIZ

Street Sally

AMERICA'S sometimes-ghetto system of segregation and restrictive covenants have concentrated Negro population in their own communities. Each city neighborhood has its "main drag," some known all over the world through song and story, others less prominent.

Each of the streets below are well-known "Main Streets" in big Negro communities, the idea being to tell which city. Five right out of eight makes you just an average man-about-town, six is good, seven is better and eight makes you strictly tops. (Answers on Page 20.)

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Rampart Street
Atlanta
Birmingham
New Orleans | 5. Central Avenue
Baltimore
Miami
Los Angeles |
| 2. Lenox Avenue
New York
Los Angeles
Philadelphia | 6. South Parkway
Birmingham
Detroit
Chicago |
| 3. Beale Street
Memphis
St. Louis
Little Rock | 7. Wiley Avenue
Pittsburgh
Philadelphia
Baltimore |
| 4. St. Antoine Street
New Orleans
Detroit
San Francisco | 8. Auburn Avenue
Cleveland
Atlanta
New Orleans |

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 The articles in Negro Digest are selected on the basis of general interest and information and do not necessarily express the opinions of the editors.

Race In Books

Fiction and non-fiction, published or due for publication, with the Negro as a subject.

- | | |
|---|----------------------------|
| FREEDOM ROAD
Howard Fast | Duell, Sloan & Pearce |
| SHIP OF DEMOCRACY
John Beecher | L. B. Fischer |
| DEEP RIVER
Henrietta Buckmaster | Harcourt, Brace |
| AMERICAN HUNGER
Richard Wright | Harper |
| PAPA TOUSSAINT
Ralph Korngold | Little, Brown |
| THE WAY OF THE SOUTH
Howard Odum | Macmillan |
| ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN NEGRO LITERATURE
Edited by Sylvestre C. Watkins..... | Modern Library |
| BLACK METROPOLIS
Horace Cayton and St. Clair Drake | Harcourt, Brace |
| THEY SEEK A CITY
Jack Conroy and Arna Bontemps..... | Doubleday, Doran |
| STRANGE FRUIT
Lillian Smith | Reynal and Hitchcock |
| THE WINDS OF FEAR
Major Hodding Carter..... | Farrar and Rinehart |
| THE MARCHING BLACKS
A. Clayton Powell, Jr. | Dial |
| COLCORTON
Edith Pope | Scribners |
| BLACK DAWN
Theda Kenyon | Julian Messner |
| ESCAPE THE THUNDER
Lonnie Coleman | Dutton |
| FIRE BELL IN THE NIGHT
Constance Robertson | Henry Holt |
| WHAT THE NEGRO WANTS
Edited by Rayford Logan..... | U. of North Carolina Press |
- [Any of these books can be ordered through Negro Digest]



Report To Our Readers

THE editors of NEGRO DIGEST like to think of its readers as a board of trustees and this is more or less a semi-annual report on two projects close to our heart.

Back in April a letter from a white woman in Abilene, Texas, started our College Library Fund rolling. The idea was to put NEGRO DIGEST in white Southern college libraries in order to better racial relations. Financing was to come from you folks out there. The response has been splendid and this is to report the magazine now going to the following colleges as a result of your contributions: Duke, University of Oklahoma, Washington & Lee, University of Arkansas, Vanderbilt, Tulane, University of Virginia, George Peabody College in Nashville, Wabash College, and University of Maryland.

The College Library Fund is still very much open for business and donations large and small to place NEGRO DIGEST on the library shelves of white universities below the Mason and Dixon Line will be welcomed.

Our valedictorian project went very well also. In response to our offer of gift subscriptions to high school valedictorians, letters from principals have come in from all parts of the nation. We have been happy to put the names of these up-and-coming youngsters on our subscription lists with the feeling that reading of NEGRO DIGEST will make them better citizens in the crucial days that face our nation in the future.

Finally a word of thanks for all the gratifying letters of appreciation that come in from a host of supporters. It has enabled NEGRO DIGEST not only to boast the largest circulation of any Negro magazine in the world but also to note that a surprising percentage of its readers are whites who are aware of the race problem in America.

John H. Johnson
Publisher and Managing Editor



NEGRO DIGEST

A Magazine of Negro Comment

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25c

AUGUST, 1944

Office Memorandum • UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

JVO:JW

TO : Mr. Nichols

DATE: August 14, 1944

FROM : M. A. Jones

SUBJECT: Negro Digest

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
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This publication might be characterized as a militant Negro publication of the variety of "Afro-American" and the "Pittsburgh Courier."

A confidential report dated October 30, 1942, sets out that this publication went to press for the first time a fortnight ago. They discussed the ever-increasing current social problems as they pertain to Negro people advising that subversive influence was possible but as yet unverified.

(100-7660-832)

In a report entitled Earl Burrus Dickerson, Alderman in the city of Chicago, it is reflected that John H. Johnson acted as the latter's public relations man. John H. Johnson, it might be noted is the editor of the Negro Digest. Dickerson is described as being associated with numerous front organizations such as the National Negro Congress, the Chicago Midwest Civil Liberties Union, the Chicago Urban League, and the International Labor Defense. (100-45-805-2 page 7)

File Number 100-3-59-214 reflects that Mrs. Roosevelt published an article in the Negro Digest entitled "If I Were A Negro."

A report on the Communist Party, District 8, from the Chicago Field Division sets out that a confidential informant reported that the purpose of the Negro Digest was to reach the mass of the Negro population who are now securing positions in the war industries. The Y.C.L. supports activities pushing subscriptions to the Negro Digest feeling that this is a direct means by which they can recruit men and women from the Negro race. (100-3-14-1150)

An anonymous communication from Chicago, Illinois, dated December 5, 1943, stated that the Negro Digest started an advertising campaign that has increased its national circulation and that the Digest was in a position to influence a considerable number of Negroes. It is set out that an examination of the contents of the publication causes doubt that it will be helpful in leading to more harmonious race relations. (100-71654-4)

RECOMMENDATION: It is recommended that permission be granted to reprint the article.

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AUG 18 1944

Mr. Tolson
Mr. E. A. Tamm
Mr. Clegg
Mr. Coffey
Mr. Glavin
Mr. Ladd
Mr. Nichols
Mr. Rosen
Mr. Tracy
Mr. Mohr
Mr. Carson
Mr. Hendon
Mr. Mumford
Mr. Jones
Mr. Quinn Tamm
Mr. Nease
Miss Gandy

WU14 NL

WESTERN UNION

UNCHICAGO ILL AUG 18 1944

HON J EDGAR HOOVER

DIRECTOR FEDERAL BUREAU OF INV

WOULD APPRECIATE A FAVORABLE REPLY TO OUR LETTER OF AUGUST
9 REQUESTING PERMISSION TO USE AN EXTRACT FROM YOUR ARTICLE
IN AMERICAN MAGAZINE. INTERESTED IN SECTION DEALING WITH
NEGRO SPY. ANSWER TODAY BY WIRE COLLECT

JOHN H. JOHNSON MANAGING EDITOR NEGRO DIGEST 5619
SOUTH STATE ST CHICAGO 21 ILLINOIS.

1030P

9 5619 21.

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September 9, 1944

100-71654-8

RECORDED

Mr. John H. Johnson
 Managing Editor
 Negro Digest
 5613 South State Street
 Chicago 21, Illinois

Dear Mr. Johnson:

Your letter of August 30, 1944,
 has been received together with the copies
 of the Negro Digest which you forwarded
 under separate cover. Thank you for your
 courtesy in this matter.

With best wishes and kind regards,

Sincerely yours,

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 Mr. Quinn Tamm _____
 Mr. Nease _____
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83 SEP 13 1944

John H. Johnson



NEGRO DIGEST

Mr. Tolson
Mr. E. A. Tamm
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Mr. Glavin
Mr. Ladd
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Mr. Rosen
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Mr. Hendon
Mr. Pennington
Mr. Quinn
Mr. Nease
Miss Gandy

5619 SOUTH STATE STREET
CHICAGO 2, ILL. DU-2-1015
Telephone: Englewood 2-2900

August 30, 1944

Dear Mr. Hoover:

The editors of the American Magazine kindly gave us permission to reprint your article on a Negro spy who aided the government in apprehending Nazi agents which appeared in the September, 1944 issue of their magazine.

This article is reprinted in the September issue of our magazine, complimentary copies of which are being sent to you under separate cover. We shall be happy to send additional complimentary copies to as many persons as you suggest.

Very truly yours,

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 RBT/MSJ

John H. Johnson
Managing Editor

Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Department of Justice
Washington, D. C.

JHJ:BD

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

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Office Memorandum • UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

MAJ:HN

TO : Mr. Nichols

DATE: April 4, 1945

FROM : M. A. Jones

SUBJECT: "Negro Digest"

Mr. Tolson	✓
Mr. E. A. Tamm	
Mr. Clegg	
Mr. Coffey	
Mr. Glavin	
Mr. Ladd	
Mr. Nichols	✓
Mr. Rosen	
Mr. Tracy	
Mr. Carson	
Mr. Egan	
Mr. Hendon	
Mr. Pennington	
Mr. Quinn Tamm	
Tele. Room	
Mr. Nease	
Miss Gandy	

With regard to the letter of March 22, 1945, concerning the "Negro Digest" the Bureau's files reflect that this might be characterized as a militant Negro publication of the same variety as "Afro-American" and the "Pittsburgh Courier." The Bureau's files reflect that John H. Johnson, the editor, once acted as public relations man for Earl Burrus Dickerson, Chicago Alderman, who has been described as associating with numerous front organizations such as the National Negro Congress, the Chicago Midwest Civil Liberties Union, the Chicago Urban League and the International Labor Defense.

The report on the Communist party in Chicago contains information from a confidential informant indicating that the purpose of the "Negro Digest" was to reach the mass of the Negro population who are now securing positions in the war industries. The former Young Communist League supported activities pushing subscriptions to the "Negro Digest."

An anonymous communication from Chicago, dated December 5, 1943, reflected that the publication started an advertising campaign which increased its national circulation and that the Digest was in a position to influence a considerable number of Negroes.

It might be noted that Mrs. Roosevelt published an article in the "Negro Digest" entitled "If I Were A Negro."

The Director received a letter from Mr. John H. Johnson, the managing editor, under date of August 9, 1944, requesting permission to reprint the Director's article on Nazi spies in South America which appeared in the American Magazine. Johnson was referred to the editor of the American and later permission was granted.

RECOMMENDATION: In view of the doubtful nature of this publication, it is not felt that the Director will desire to write the suggested article and accordingly the attached letter has been prepared for approval.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5

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SP-5, LPT 12-11-45

MAJ:EN:SL

April 6, 1945

RECORDED

100-71654-10

Mr. John H. Johnson
Editor and Publisher
Negro Digest
5619 South State Street
Chicago 21, Illinois

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 RJA/KM

Dear Mr. Johnson:

72-05

I have received your letter of March 22, 1945, together with the copy of the March, 1945, issue of "Negro Digest" and your kind remarks concerning my articles which have appeared from time to time are deeply appreciated. It would be a pleasure indeed to comply with your request, but in view of the many pressing matters requiring my close personal attention at the present time, I frankly do not see how I will be able to write the suggested article.

As of possible interest to you in connection with the current crime situation, it is a pleasure to enclose the latest edition of our Uniform Crime Reports bulletin which contains crime statistics covering the calendar year 1944.

With best wishes and kind regards,

Sincerely yours,

J. Edgar Hoover

Enclosure

UCH

COMMUNICATIONS SECTION
APR 7 1945
FBI

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

U.S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE
RECEIVED
APR 10 1945

INDEXED IN
PUBLICATION
FILES

Mr. Tolson
Mr. E. A. Tamm
Mr. Clegg
Mr. Coffey
Mr. Glavin
Mr. Ladd
Mr. Nichols
Mr. Rosen
Mr. Tracy
Mr. Carson
Mr. Egan
Mr. Hendon
Mr. Pennington
Mr. Quinn Tamm
Mr. Nease
Miss Gandy

51
78 APR 12 1945



NEGRO DIGEST

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 RSK/ML

5619 SOUTH STATE STREET
CHICAGO 21, ILLINOIS
Telephone: Englewood 8900
Miss Gandy

Mr. Tolson	✓
Mr. E. A. Tamm	
Mr. Clegg	
Mr. Coffey	
Mr. Glavin	
Mr. Ladd	
Mr. Nichols	✓
Mr. Rosen	
Mr. Tracy	
Mr. Carson	
Mr. Egan	
Mr. Gurnea	
Mr. Pennington	
Mr. Quinn	
Mr. Nease	
Miss Gandy	

Dear Mr. Hoover:

I have been interested for some time in the splendid articles on crime which have appeared under your by-line in various magazines. It occurs to me that with your acknowledged leadership in America in fighting against crime, you would be in a better position than perhaps any man in the country to make an intelligent, far-sighted contribution towards better race relations giving an accurate picture of Negroes in crime. By that I mean a statement which would indicate the nature of Negro crimes, the background and environment which drives them to crime, and a positive program towards ameliorating the general problem of juvenile delinquency which leads to the development of Negro criminals.

Too often in the past there has been the tendency to over emphasize Negroes as born criminals. I am sure you will agree that this is not an accurate statement and that Negro crime is definitely connected with the status of the Negro economically and socially. We feel that you could do a great deal to give an accurate picture of the situation and at the same time offer a creative program which could go far towards preventing Negro crime. We are, therefore, inviting you to contribute an article on this subject to our magazine which is the outstanding Negro magazine in America with a circulation over 100,000 among both whites and Negroes.

A number of prominent Americans have written for NEGRO DIGEST and we would be proud to have your name join them. The article need not be long, perhaps 1,500 words or so. Although we would like to offer you more, we are in position to pay only \$25.00 for the article. We do hope that you will give us favorable consideration and an early reply.

Very truly yours,

RECORDED

INDEXED

John H. Johnson
Editor and Publisher

JHJ:NT

INDEXED IN
PUBLICATION
FILES

Mr. J. Edgar Hoover
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D. C.

of reputable
should like to
W.H.



Negro Digest Publishing Co.

5619 South State Street

Chicago 21, Ill.

TO

Mr. J. Edgar Hoover
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D. C.

1 March

*Director
Mar 16 1945*

if we had to forfeit all the passage money.

I ordered the steward, who was still waiting for his tip, to take our hand luggage and follow us. We walked across "No Man's Land" to the first class part of the ship. There I asked the purser how much I would lose if I did not sail. He asked me why I wanted to cancel my reservation.

I told him with appropriate and decent profanity that when I had accepted second class I had not realized that this was their trick to herd colored passengers together. Other persons in line, probably waiting for their table assignments, began to take interest in the conversation. The purser at once said that he would refund the entire amount of the passage. He went to the safe and paid me off in cash.

As my wife and I went up the dock, seething with anger and humiliation, we met Walter White and Dr. William Stuart Nelson who had come down to see us off. They, of course, shared our indignation. At White's suggestion, I consulted the

law firm of Arthur Garfield Hays about a suit against the company.

We finally did not file suit because there was doubt as to the place where the discrimination had taken place—had I been denied first class passage in New York or in Atlanta? Moreover, I was going to sail by the first available ship of any other line.

That line turned out to be the Royal Netherlands Steamship Company. Without any difficulty I obtained first class passage for a ship sailing in a few days. The accommodations were not so luxurious as those in first class on the Columbia Line.

But we were subjected to no form of discrimination or even discourtesy. We had a choice table in the dining room with other passengers none of whom was colored. We danced and played games with the other passengers. Even the Americans on the ship were courteous and friendly.

This incident reminded me that an American Negro receives better treatment under the flag of almost any other country than he does under his own flag.



¶ Beloved jazzman tells of rise to peak of musical firmament



Condensed from *Band Leaders*

By Louis Armstrong

I GUESS I was destined to "make a lot of noise" (as many of the uninitiated refer to "swing") as I arrived in this world in the midst of plenty of the stuff on July 4, 1900!

But it was a shot from my daddy's old "38" on New Year's Eve down in good ole New Orleans that really started my career. I must have been a funny sight, standing there in the middle of the street, scared half to death with this big gun smoking in my hand. Anyway, it led to my getting hold of my first trumpet, 'cause that shot landed me in the Waif's Home, where they had a band made up of the older boys.

I had organized a singing quartet

with three of the best singers in our neighborhood, and we started working on the new "jass" music we heard all around us. We used to go down to the docks and sing our heads off. Then we'd peel off and jump into the Mississippi for a swim—get tired and sing some more.

I was out with this quartet gathering up pennies and nickels from the merry-makers, the night I decided to "show off" and shoot my daddy's rusty ole "38"!

When I got into the Waif's Home, I started to learn music under Mr. Peter Davis. He taught me the bugle first. Then I got my cornet and really started playing. Our little band became well known around New Orleans, and at fourteen I left the Home to help make a living for my mother and sister.

Between following the parades

LOUIS ARMSTRONG is recognized the world over as one of the foremost American exponents of jazz, and the ranking cornet player in the land.

Copyright, *Band Leaders* (January, 1945)

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and selling newspapers, I practiced on my horn. Those street parades with marching bands or horse-drawn flat-bottomed wagons advertising a dance at "Joe's Place," or the funeral bands are my most vivid recollections. Sometimes two processions would meet at an intersection, and that's when "jam sessions" were born. They would battle it out with crowds cheering them on and the horses would pin back their ears while the boys played themselves into a lather! Those were the days!

I remember one parade—I was still in the Home then—between the Tuxedo Brass Band and the Onward Brass Band. Joe Oliver, my idol, was marching with the Onward Band that day, but another trumpeter was giving him a run for his money. Joe stood it as long as he could . . . threw his horn away, and dashed into a pawnshop nearby and bought another. P. S. He won!

Finally, I got a job on the pleasure steamer, Sidney, with Fate Marable's Jazz-E-Sax Band. Two seasons later, I went to work at the Orchard Cabaret for twenty-one dollars a week!

Tom Anderson tempted me with more money and I moved over to The Real Thing, where I worked with Luis Russell, Barney Bigard and Albert Nichols. That's where I composed *I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate* which I sold to Piron for fifty dollars. It

later sold into the hundreds of thousands.

My joy knew no bounds when my idol, King Oliver, sent for me to come to Chicago, in 1922, and there, at the Lincoln Gardens, I met Lil Hardin, who later became my wife, and whom I owe much of my success. The King Oliver Creole Jazz Band is the group I joined, and folks say it was the first important influence in the development of jazz. One thing I'm sure of . . . it was a very important influence in the development of Louis Armstrong!

Lil Hardin and King Oliver were both working on me. Joe held me back for a while, and the boys didn't understand it at first, but I guess the King knew what he was doing. Anyway, I learned a lot playing second to my idol, and I was getting used to the big city doings at the same time. Oliver always insisted I had something special, and that's how Lil Hardin became interested in me.

Before I knew it, she had me playing church concerts, studying out of books and finally got me a teacher. Lil wouldn't let me copy King Oliver, and always insisted that I play it the way I felt it. Playing at churches and concerts I picked up a lot of ideas from classical pieces I heard and got a big kick out of putting a snatch of them in here and there when I played with the band.

During the Fall of 1941, Fletcher Henderson offered me a job in his

MY MOST HUMILIATING JIM CROW EXPERIENCE

By Rayford Logan

IN 1934 I planned to go to Haiti to do research in the archives of the Foreign Office for a book on the diplomatic relations between the United States and Haiti. Since my wife was accompanying me, I wanted the trip to be as free as possible from unpleasant surprises, and I wanted to travel first-class since this was her first ocean trip.

I wrote from Atlanta, Georgia, to the Columbia Steamship Company of New York in April for reservations in June. In order to avoid, as I thought, any disagreeable developments, I stated in my letter that I was colored. No reply came.

I then had a white classmate in New York go to the office to inquire about first-class reservations. He could, of course, have obtained them without difficulty for himself. I thereupon wrote to the company a second letter asking for first-class passage.

Some time later the reply came

RAYFORD LOGAN edited the recently-published *What The Negro Wants* and is a history professor at Howard University.

that no more first-class cabins were available but that I could reserve a second-class stateroom.

Although I was convinced that the company was not telling the truth, I accepted the second class accommodations especially since the sailing schedule of the line fitted into my plans better than did that of any other.

On the day of departure my wife and I went to the dock. We walked past the gangplank up which the first-class passengers were embarking and on down to the gangplank for the second-class passengers.

When we arrived on deck, I saw the most amazing piece of maritime architecture. A new superstructure had been built on the stern of the upper deck for the dining room and saloon. A part of the hatch had been made into the tiniest state-rooms I have ever seen.

But above all, I immediately saw that all the passengers in second class were colored. Second class meant Jim Crow. Across the loading deck I could see the first class passengers, all of them of course white. Already some of them were looking across at us, wondering no doubt whether we were lepers or prisoners, or gloating over the fact that they were separated from Negroes by half the length of the ship.

I immediately said to my wife: "We are not going to sail on this boat." Although her disappointment was keen, she at once agreed that we would leave the ship even

John thought for a moment. "I ain't got no idea how much, but anyhow it ain't half as much as one boy's life is worth."

Happy John lives alone in a furnished room. Sometimes he worries: "If I was to get sick my money wouldn't last a week."

His shoe-shine parlor is a nine-by-four cubbyhole. There is room for only three customers at a time on the narrow, cracked leather bench. He is getting a little feeble now, and his mailing takes most of his time. He has two little colored boys to help him.

The walls of his establishment are lined with the autographed pictures of soldiers, sailors, marines, Wacs and Waves.

John is proud of the picture one of the home-town boys, a Navy lieutenant, sent him. It shows the young officer standing at attention with his crew before the King and Queen of England.

He pauses sadly before the pic-

ture of a young marine. "I shined his shoes ever since he was a little kid. He got killed on the beach at Tarawa. Sure was a good boy."

John receives many thousands of letters and tries to answer them all. He usually writes about 60 V-mail letters on Sundays, and on week-days as many as he can when he is not busy shining shoes. He fought in the Spanish-American War, and he remembers getting no mail and being very lonely.

Since the townspeople have heard of his "war work" they have taken to giving him extra tips. Occasionally folding money is added to the price of the shine—10 cents. All of it goes to the boys; whatever he can spare after he has paid for his food and lodging and his "burying" insurance.

Happy John is embarrassed at praise and mumbles, "We got our life to live just once. It's better to know you have done your part."



band, at the Roseland Ballroom on Broadway. Fletcher had a fine twelve-piece band, with Coleman Hawkins, Buster Bailey, Don Redman, "Big Green," Kaiser Marshall, Bob Escudero, and I was really excited about hitting the big town. However, once I had arrived, I was a little lost with Henderson's elaborate arrangements, which I could read alright, but the restrictions of the scored music kept me from "stretchin' out."

No, I really wasn't happy on Broadway, but I did get one of the biggest boosts of my life when I was asked to play one night at the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem, and they gave me a nice hand . . . and asked me to play the following night! But it didn't excite Broadway. Broadway made me wait five more years.

I got a little homesick for Chicago, and following some recordings with Fletcher Henderson and Clarence Williams, I returned to Chicago and organized the Hot Five as a recording group for Okeh.

Lil Hardin had organized her own band at the Dreamland Cafe and talked Bill Bottoms into featuring me at the unheard of salary of \$75 a week. We had eight pieces and I was happy to get back to Chicago.

I guess I was a sort of an overnight success at Dreamland and soon Erskine Tate asked me to double with his Little Symphony orchestra at the Vendome Theatre. This helped me a lot, and it was with

Tate my stage career began. It was great fun, once I got used to being up there alone. After the overture, I'd jump out of the pit onto the stage and do a feature number. *Heebie Jeebies*, for instance, and the crowd would start swinging and swaying with me.

They really got me started. Then I'd pick up a megaphone and sing a chorus or two. I don't know exactly what started the scat-singing, unless it was because I forgot the words sometimes. But the crowd liked it and I kept it up.

When I left the Dreamland to join Carroll Dickerson's orchestra at the Sunset Cafe, King Oliver was playing on the opposite corner at the Plantation Cafe, and Jimmy Noone's band was straight across from us at the Nest . . . Calumet and 35th Street was really a "hot" spot in those days.

I first saw my name in lights at the Sunset Cafe, in 1927, when Dickerson left and I took over the band with Earl Hines on the piano.

The college kids seemed to like our band and crowded the place every night. The \$2.50 cover charge was lifted for them and, almost nightly, the musicians from over on Cottage Grove would come over to our place to "sit in." Jes Stacy, Muggsy Spanier, Frank Teschmaker, George Wettling were among the boys who would take over during intermission or give us a rest on a hard night.

When Dickerson's band closed I

joined up with Luis Russell and went on a tour for six months and landed in California, where I worked with Les Hite's wonderful orchestra at Sebastian's Cotton Club. What a band! Lionel Hampton was playing drums and vibraphone, and Lawrence Brown, who later made a name with Ellington, recorded with me and the Les Hite bunch. After a glorious year in Hollywood, I returned to Chicago and formed my own band and recorded for Okeh.

That's the group I took out on the longest road tour of my career, which ended up in my old home town, New Orleans, my first visit since I'd left nine years before to join King Oliver. We got there early in June, and when I smelled those magnolias, I knew I was home!

Whatever misgivings I had about the way they'd receive me, I soon lost. As the train pulled into the old L & N Station at the head of Canal, I heard hot music. Looking out of the car window, I couldn't believe my eyes, 'cause stretched out there along the track, I saw eight bands, all swinging together, giving us a big welcome.

When I hit the ground, the crowd turned loose. They picked me up and carried me on their shoulders, parading right down the middle of Canal Street. Those eight bands tore the roofs right off . . . how they blasted! We all had a wonderful time. My! My! I was a

happy soul that day . . . they hadn't forgotten "Little Louie" after all!

In July, 1932, I sailed for England on the SS Majestic.

As I boarded the steamer, I thought of another journey I'd made exactly ten years before that month. I was leaving my home, my friends and all the familiar things one learns to love, for places I did not know and people who did not know me. I had the supreme confidence of youth, faith in my music and adventure in my soul.

These I have preserved and in an adventurous mood, I found myself at long last on foreign shores. England! How would they receive me? Would they understand what I was trying to say with my horn? A thousand questions flailed my mind.

No wonder I made such a strange entrance into that glorious country! Everything went wrong. I got off the boat at Plymouth instead of Southampton, where my permits were waiting. It was England, wasn't it?

Then, once ashore, I found myself in the Howard Hotel, Norfolk Street instead of the Norfolk, Howard Street. I guess I must have been "vibratin'" wrong, 'cause at the reception and dinner they gave me at the Ambassador, the press photographer held up the flashlight over a dozen times . . . and it wouldn't go off!

It was certainly a thrill to see my name in lights over the famous Pal-

|| He runs a shoe shine stand—
and a one-man gift service for GI's

Happy John

Condensed from This Week

By Rebecca Welty Dunn

HAPPY John Oliver probably got more Christmas greetings last year than any other U. S. civilian.

Happy John is an 80-year-old Negro who runs a tiny shoe-shine parlor on the main street of Arkansas City, Kansas. Greetings poured in to John from every battlefront of the world.

Happy John is by way of being one of the town's most honored citizens.

Some time ago the townspeople learned that since Pearl Harbor, Happy John has been spending almost all of his small income sending gifts, cakes, cigarettes and thousands of letters to the men in our armed forces.

At first they were to the boys he used to know, the kids whose shoes he shined when they went out on their first dates, as he had shined the shoes of their fathers before them. And then he began asking his correspondents to send him names of those "that don't get no mail."

White or black, men or women,

brigadier general or buck private, they were all the same to John. He has sent packages and letters to every camp in the United States and to all foreign lands where our troops are stationed.

"If I know 'em I send 'em the kind of cake they like best. Mostly they like chocolate cake. They all get fruit cake for Christmas."

Occasionally he encloses a comic book, the home-town paper, or maybe a rabbit's foot. The first time he sends a soldier a cake, he ships along a New Testament with it. He hasn't kept track of how many Bibles he has sent, but he has ordered 500 more. He belongs to no church.

Once a customer said that his son had written from India for a polish that would keep GI shoes from cracking. "What he needs," said John, "is this here saddle soap." He refused the dollar that was offered. "For the boy there's no charge. You just write that Happy John sent it to him."

A businessman inquired: "Doesn't this cost you a lot of money?"

Copyright, This Week (December 16, 1944)

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could hear the wild denunciations of the Rankins and Bilbos and the Talmadges; he did not feel like asking for more trouble than he already had.)

After a long fight, the "controversial" item was passed—and nothing happened. The correspondent inquired among Southern soldiers to get their reactions. With picturesque Army embellishments they replied: "It saves our lives, doesn't it?"

Thirteen million Americans, whose blood could and would have saved white soldiers' lives, are frozen out; they are snubbed, if they offer blood, by the humiliating question as to their race. Science knows no difference, so far as saving lives is concerned; but someone—God knows who, again; for Army, Navy and Red Cross keep passing the buck—is willing to defeat the purposes of science in the name of white supremacy.

We are daily told of the urgency of the blood problem; we hear that many blood banks are falling below quota; and at the same time we casually inform black Americans that they are not good enough to be allowed to save white lives. How

many more white soldiers will we allow to be sacrificed to Jim Crow?

There is the fighter group, all Negro, called in in an emergency to escort "white" bombers on raids over Rumania and Yugoslavia. They have completed 125 missions without losing a single bomber. And the bombers' crews are much more interested in tracer-bullets than color lines.

There was the black division holding part of the Gothic line. Very soon replacements were needed. And there were not enough Negro soldiers trained for combat. (Some of the brass-hats think that Negroes don't make good fighters.) Replacements were recruited from the "port battalions," given a brief training, and thrust into the fighting.

They are still making good—at a tremendous cost.

But mark this: if the Negro part of the line weakens, for lack of training or experience, it is the American line that weakens; and that weakening is paid for in American lives—white American lives as well as black.



ladium . . . and the "standing room only" sign! The British are great people . . .

A gold-plated trumpet was presented to me by the Palladium Theatre in appreciation and also in commemoration of my twelve command performances before His Majesty, King George V.

Returning to America, I made another tour, and in July, 1933, I sailed again for London to open at the Holburn Empire. The controversy was still on (IS IT MUSIC?) when I returned to England, and all the publicity given the "new music" didn't do any harm at the box-office!

During the winter season, I visited Copenhagen, Denmark, where I played at the world-famous Concert Palace in Tivoli Gardens. The reception there matched my first return trip to New Orleans! All of the hot musicians in town were down at the station . . . blowing some real good jazz, too!

They presented me with a 15-foot trumpet made of roses and carried my wife and me to our hotel on their shoulders, with the brass band leading the parade! You can't find nicer people anywhere than the Danes.

A tour of Sweden, Norway and Holland followed and finally I got

to Paris for a much-needed rest. Returning to America in 1935, I organized another 14-piece band, toured the Middle West and South, returned to New York and took over Luis Russell's band to open and co-star at Connie's Inn on Broadway.

My debut in pictures was with Bing Crosby in *Pennies From Heaven*. A song I sang in that movie, *Skeleton In The Closet*, made a big hit.

My! My! I've been talking up a breeze. . . I guess there's only one thing more I can think of to tell you about old Satchel's past and that's the wonderful All-Star Jazz Concert put on by Esquire magazine last year, when the boys and girls put me up there on top of the "trumpet and vocal" departments. It was a great thrill to play for them and "Uncle Sam" in the War Loan Drive, and I'll never forget the cheer that went up in the Metropolitan Opera House that night when they announced that over \$600,000 worth of Bonds had been sold to back up our fighting sons of freedom.

I've met thousands of them in my trips to the Army camps and ole Pops will be swingin' up and down over here till our boys knock 'em out over there!



By Richard Burns

Miscarriage for Democracy. In Tyler, Tex., the local white daily ran a prize contest for the "first baby born in 1945; destined to keep democracy alive." Contest rules stated: "The baby must be of white parentage."

Sepia Stew. In Madison, Wis., the noted Negro dancer Katherine Dunham was invited to a social event at a white university professor's home. All the guests welcomed her but the professor's cook took offense at the breaking of the color line. The cook was Negro.

Why Not Heil? In Tuscaloosa, Ala., a Negro veteran with 30 months overseas service was shot in the back by a deputy sheriff because he failed to say "yes, sir" when replying to a query.

For This We Fight. In Pendleton, Ore., the local chapter of the Disabled American Veterans barred Japanese and Negroes from membership on the grounds that "permitting them to join might alienate or keep out American veterans."

For Gentlemen Only! In Gadsden, Ala., two Negro women WAC's were ordered out of their bus seats to make room for white men passengers. They refused and both were badly beaten by white civilian policemen.

Are These Our Parents? In Baltimore, a young colored mother gave birth to a baby in the snow outside a white hospital operated by the Methodist Church. The hospital refused to admit her because she was Negro.

No Whites Allowed. In Tampa, Fla., a light-complexioned Negro soldier was compelled to carry a document in his pocket proving he was Negro because he had been arrested by MP's 17 times for walking into the colored section of town which is out-of-bounds for white soldiers.

When in Rome . . . In Rome, Ga., a white MP was beaten by white soldiers on a bus and called on civilian police for aid. When the civilian cops arrived, they saw a wounded Negro soldier on the bus and began beating him without asking questions. The white MP finally managed to tell them the white soldiers were the offenders. The Georgia officers replied: "No harm. He needed beating anyhow."

Union . . . But Not Now. In Memphis, Tenn., a white employer appealed to the Labor Board not to certify an AFL union as bargaining agent because the union bars Negroes from membership.

¶ Nazis find an ally
in Jim Crow in Italy

Death Stalks The Color Line

Condensed from America

By Charles Keenan

THE NEGRO war correspondent spoke quietly, but very convincingly. He was not explaining the misfortunes of his race; he was speaking of the slaughter of white American soldiers, killed every day on the battlefronts by Jim Crowism.

You, Mrs. Smith, or Jones, or Robinson or Brown—there is a gold star on the flag in your window. Was it your son who died of wounds on that bloody beachhead in Italy? There, said the correspondent, they were clamoring for doctors and nurses. Some of the bitterest fighting of the war went on there, and casualties were high. The medical staff was pushed to the limit of its possibilities.

The correspondent happened to go to Naples. A Negro unit had arrived some time previously. It was mostly doing the usual Negro work—trucking, stevedoring. Its medical unit was twiddling its thumbs, anxious to be doing something; but there were not enough Negro sick and wounded to keep it busy.


CHARLES KEENAN is managing editor of America.

They would have asked for nothing better than to go up to that inferno of a beachhead and succor their white fellow Americans. They had no color line. But somebody—God knows who—had; and white Pfc's. Smith, Jones, Robinson and Brown were sacrificed on the sacred altar of white supremacy.

Near Cassino, fragmentation bombs and shells were working havoc with our troops. The blood plasma began to run out. There was no time to fly more in; so a call went out for liquid blood. They picked it up wherever they could get it, bottled it and rushed it to the front.

So far as our correspondent could discover, there was not time for the usual segregation of "black" blood from "white." No bottle that he saw carried the color sign. It was all-American blood.

He wrote this as a news story—and ran into the censorship wall. The local censor would not pass it. It was "controversial." Controversial, to save American lives? "But the people back home . . ." said the censor. (After all, he was only a man with a job, and he thought he



THE SENTRY BOX

IT WAS a rough sea and a number of Negro soldiers were leaning over the rail of the transport.

A sailor, walking the deck, stopped to sympathize with one fellow who was experiencing a particularly violent attack.

"Stomach a bit weak, eh?" he inquired solicitously.

"Weak, nothin'," gasped the sufferer, "if you'll notice, I'm throwin' as far as any of 'em!"

John Robinson

A UNIT of Negro troops who had been living on dried eggs, dried milk and dried everything visited Cairo on furlough, and saw a mummy in one of the museums.

"Say!" said one indignant G.I. "This is going too far. Now they're dehydrating women."

Sadie Freeman

A SAUNTERING Negro rookie from Alabama encountered a brisk second lieutenant. "Mawnin'," drawled the rookie pleasantly.

The outraged officer launched a stinging lecture on military courtesy, with emphasis on saluting.

"Lawdamighty," said the rookie,

"if I'da knowed you was gonna carry on like that, I wouldn't of spoke to you a-tall."

Bruce Jackson

A NEGRO SOLDIER was enlisted and sent to a camp with a WAC contingent attached. After completing his recruit's training he was given a job in the WAC barracks. Months went by and one day he was summoned to company headquarters.

"Brown," said the officer in charge, "where have you been? You haven't drawn your pay for five months."

"What," asked the soldier, "you mean I get paid, too?"

Dr. Boise Smith

A COLORED warrior was explaining judo to a friend.

"It's just a lowdown mean form of wrassling that you might know a Jap would think of. When you gets to close-in fighting, you extend the glad hand of fellowship to the enemy, and while you are shaking hands, you sprain his ankle so he can't run while you break his neck."

Fred W. May, Coronet

¶ With half his body useless, he still manages to do a job

The Man Who Wouldn't Quit

Condensed from PM

By Tom O'Connor

THE STORY of Junius Flowers is a simple one, and simply told. He is a Negro sculptor who has recently finished a magnificent low-relief head of Dr. George Washington Carver, a head which eminent American sculptors have pronounced a masterpiece.

Junius Flowers is a guy who makes you say: "And I thought I had troubles!" He's a guy who makes you understand what a wonderful thing a human being is. He's a guy who makes you feel somehow religious, not in any formal or orthodox way, but just feeling that there is something somewhere that's good to worship.

If he could present a bronze head of Dr. Carver to Tuskegee Institute it would make him happier than anything else in the world—except one thing. That one thing is to stand on his feet again. That's the one thing he can't have.

His home is the Chronic Diseases ward of Grasslands, the Westchester County public hospital in New York. He has lived there four years.

He has no feeling below his ribs nor any control of any part of his body below his ribs. He cannot stand. He cannot even sit up straight for more than a few moments.

He does his sculpture lying flat on his back, just his head propped up on a pillow. He learned sculpture in that position. He had been lying flat on his back for almost three years before someone gave him a lump of clay to amuse himself with.

The head of George Washington Carver is not just good work for a bedridden novice with a broken spine who has to work lying flat on his back. It's good by any standards, work that many a professional sculptor would be proud to claim. It appears that Junius Flowers has an extraordinary talent.

"This is a good thing that happened to me," said Junius Flowers, talking slow, thinking it over. Thinking about the automobile accident that broke his spine and killed some nerves and took half his body away from him. "I think it's a good thing because if it hadn't happened I'd never have found out I had some

talent for sculpture. This is a whole new kind of life, all the things I'm learning and working on, and I would have missed it.

"The only thing is . . . I'd appreciate it if I could be on my feet. I got no kick, considerin'. But I'd appreciate it if I could be on my feet."

He is convinced that someday he will be on his feet. He is more optimistic than his doctors. After you talk to him for a while you begin to think he is right and the doctors are wrong. His spirit has done so much for him already, you can't help thinking that one day he will walk, just from wanting to walk.

He lies there on his hospital bed and sucks his pipe and talks the same language he used to talk when he was healthy and husky and working as a benzine cleaner in a wholesale cleaning factory. He laughs with a low infectious chuckle and a crooked-tooth grin.

Junius Flowers was born in New York on Sept. 6, 1912. His mother was a cook and laundress and maid. He doesn't know what his father was, except that he was a "working man" until he went off to the first World War and was killed on Armistice Day, 1918.

Junius went to school in Mount Vernon, as far as the third year of high school. First job was installing aeralis for a radio man. After that he did a little of everything in a handyman way, a lot of it the plain drudgery of heavy housecleaning.

When he got a job, as a benzine man for Preferred Cleaners in The Bronx, working midnight to 8 a.m., he quit going to night school, got married, had a kid. (She's 10 now, in Norfolk with her mother).

The accident was July 27, 1940, up in the Mohawk Valley. Junius had been on vacation in the mountains and was riding home with some friends. He was asleep in the back seat, and he did not wake up when the car went off the road.

A charity patient in a private hospital, and a Negro, he didn't get much of a break upstate. The first and second cast were poorly applied. Flesh decayed underneath and when it finally came off, after eight weeks, there was a saucer-size hole in Junius's back almost through to his kidney. But that healed. The only thing that would not grow together again was the big nerve in his spine which controlled all the lower part of his body.

He has been at Grasslands since Sept. 14, 1940, in the Chronic Diseases Ward, flat on his back, not knowing when his legs get crossed unless he sees it, not able to uncross them except with his hands.

"It kind of got me down for a while," says Junius. "And then my mother died. I was close to my mother. That kind of got me down."

"They thought maybe if I had something to do I'd like it better. They had me folding sputum cups. I folded millions of 'em, I guess, but it didn't seem to help much.

all this development, had known better days before 1944. Established during the last century, on a pleasant ridge among the low hills, it had prospered as a market place and sawmill center. But then the lumber lords finished their looting of the land, and Heidelberg entered a gradual decline.

Overnight the infusion of oil money heated up Heidelberg's old blood.

The place buzzed with new people, sputtered with new opportunities.

The old ways jostle the new ones, as the folks move in and out of Heidelberg. Negroes direct mule-driven cotton wagons into town, piled high with the soft stuff. A farmer drives a team of slow-moving oxen through the street, as heavy rigging equipment lumbers by it. Oil-laden railroad cars roll on while buggies wait at the crossings.

Children hang around the town pump; white men take the benches set up outside the stores, and files of

Negroes sit, as always, in rows on the ground against the side of a building.

But there's money in almost everybody's jeans, and it shows. The number of accounts at the First National Bank of Laurel has more than doubled; the deposits have increased by nearly a million and a half. The majority of the residents, Negro and white, seem to be using their money intelligently.

Others are drinking deep of long-wanted luxuries; trips, investments suggested by promoters, an occasional second car for the family. Some, who do not trust the banks carry their cash in shoes or belts. One woman informed a friend: "I got my \$8000 with me, in this here basket."

"Ain't hit a heap of money?" her husband asked, in pride.

And a merchant, expressing an old philosophy, comments: "I'm glad anyway, when the niggers spend it up fast. It's better for us whites when the blacks don't have it, ain't hit?"



Tallest Trail In History

OF THE TEN women in history who weighed more than 700 pounds, the heaviest was a Negro, name unknown, who weighed 850 pounds when she died in Maryland in 1888.

Donald Sharp, True

Gulf men pioneered about the cross-roads town of Heidelberg.

Whispers spread; the oil hounds grew restive. A well came in nearby during May of 1943; it was small, but the hounds began baying. Then, early in April of 1944, the farmers gathered, as for a carnival, about a derrick just outside Heidelberg.

The Gulf men squinted and peered; the Mississippians, hopeful but doubtful, munched their tobacco, hitched their galluses and said nothing. The oil—thick, black, acrid—bubbled up. The oil men gulped; this *was* a producer, mister!

But unexpectedly the oil boys found themselves up against two odd facts. By chance, a large part of the area surrounding Heidelberg was held by Negro farmers, owners of thirty- forty- and fifty-acre tracts. Also, just twelve years before, a fire in the county courthouse had destroyed all records of ownership. The result of all this was, as the operators put it, "the damndest, mixed-up mess a man ever had to fight."

Often, among whites and Negroes alike, nobody could prove that his property actually belonged to him. In the absence of tangible records, boundary lines were figments of rival imaginations. In a number of furiously contested cases, when everything was apparently settled, a former resident of sixty or so years ago would arrive from Oklahoma or Florida to assert that it was all his; Pappy hadn't really

signed over his rights at all. His own claim, the newcomer would assert, was strong as horse-radish.

Suits, counter-suits, claims, counter-claims piled up in the courts.

Fast operators, plain and fancy, have appeared, the slicksters and shysters who always accompany the oil play. Some made early alliances with cagey storekeepers who had various whites and Negroes on their credit lists. For a consideration, such business men would see that the farmer did the "proper" thing.

The temptation to bilk the black man has been strong; Mississippi has retained a position close to the bottom of the states in educational standing. A Negro approaches a white merchant: "Hear you wantin' land, mister. How 'bout buying cheap some of my roysters (royalties)?"

"Don' wan' none, boy."

Under such circumstances a bargain in "roysters" is not hard to strike. It was inevitable that Negroes, and some of the whites as well, would be horn-swoggled out of every penny of royalty, prevailed upon to place their "X's" on papers that were misrepresented to them. In such cases many whites can enlist help, the Negro is in a less favored position.

Some of the acreage has gone for 25 cents; other sections, close to the wells, have brought offers of \$3000 or more. Fluctuations are wild, shifting with rumor and hint.

Heidelberg, unexpected capital of

Then one of the ladies, she gave me some pieces of wood and some tools and tried to get me to carve out little animals. I didn't go for that. They gave me a pencil and I made some drawings but I didn't like to do it much."

Then one of the occupational therapy workers at Grasslands gave Junius a lump of clay and a thin piece of plywood to mold it on. He seemed to like that better. There was a volunteer worker in the hospital, a Mrs. Katherine Muller, who was taking a class in sculpture at Westchester County Workshop. She began teaching Junius.

It wasn't more than a few weeks before Mrs. Muller went to her own teacher, Frederick V. Guinzburg, a sculptor of considerable note (who also happened to be a volunteer worker at Grasslands) and said:

"Look, I'm teaching sculpture to one of the patients, and he knows so much more than I do already that I can't help him. Will you?"

Guinzburg did, first once every two weeks, then once a week, now twice a week. And he had the great wit to be tough.

"He teaches me just like he'd teach me if I was on my feet," says Junius with a pride in his voice you have to hear to understand. "He doesn't teach me like an invalid."

"At first I didn't do quite so good. He tore it down, things I worked hard on, but he said I had some talent and he kept me going.

Sometimes it kind of got me down, when I'd spend a few months on something and he'd tear it down. But he always told me how to do better."

Junius's first head was a Madonna. His second was a composite of all the internes who worked in the ward. The third was a patient with big ears, named Cough Drop because he was always eating them. Then came the Carver head—his masterpiece so far. Now he's working on two: Marian Anderson and Gen. Claire Chennault. Next planned is A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, AFL.

Guinzburg has had him reading. He devours books on art, on anatomy, on the lives of artists and the lives of people he might want to do heads of. Rackham Holt's book on Carver—Guinzburg brought it—was the first he knew of the great Negro scientist.

Junius Flowers dreams of his future, sure; a great future, as a recognized artist, a credit to his people, a famous man. And on his feet.

But listen to him:

"I don't worry about nothin'. Whatever comes, I can face it. One thing I learned, this ol' body of mine is pretty strong. It can take a lot.

"A lot of people in hospitals give up. I almost did, once. Well, if I can do *this* lying in bed, maybe other people who've given up will read your story and be inspired."

Voodoo In Haiti

Condensed from New Yorker

are extremely sensitive about the notions of the innocents from abroad who come to Haiti eager for the sight of silent columns of zombies outlined against the tropical moon and the sound of voodoo drums in the distance.

The Roman Catholic faith is the official religion of Haiti; voodoo is proscribed. Nevertheless, many Haitians are devout followers of both Catholicism and a quiet contemporary form of voodooism. They cannot see any inconsistency in the practice. Most of them feel that they are simply doubling their chances.

The powerful voodoo gods, it is believed, dislike people who live ostentatiously. For this reason, the few well-to-do Haitians who practice voodooism take pains to conceal their affluence by dressing and living as simply as their less fortunate neighbors.

Copyright, New Yorker, January 20, 1945

Yuletide Gift

Condensed from Chicago Defender

By Alfred E. Smith

guised wisely as an humble itinerant preacher. Not wishing to involve anyone should his real identity leak, he took his landlady into his confidence.

He was told promptly: "Scram out of here." This happened again and again until he was down to the last possibility, a Mrs. W. "away across the tracks."

Mrs. W.'s only comment when he "confessed" was: "That will be 50 cents a night son, and I'll build you a fire in that wood stove."

"How are race relations around here now?" asked Ted.

"Son," she said, "you know the Lord met the Devil twice?"

"No ma'm," said Ted, "I thought it was once."

▶▶ MOST EDUCATED Haitians are understandably annoyed by their country's Hollywood and Sunday-supplement reputation as a hotbed of black magic, and they

▶▶ TED POSTON, then reporter for the New York Amsterdam News, arrived on his now-famous Decatur, Alabama, "Scottsboro" assignment, disguised

¶ Negro farmers cash in on gushers in Magnolia state

Mississippi Oil Boom

Condensed from American Mercury

By Hartnett T. Kane

THE MAGNOLIA STATE has suddenly become the hottest oil spot in America.

In the heart of rural Southeast Mississippi, in what has long been one of the poorest of pinyon, red-clay hill sections, the geologists have located a lush new source of production.

Seemingly overnight, practically every major company has moved in, with independents panting at their heels. New York, New Orleans, Philadelphia and in some cases Harlem as well, have gone to the woods to snap for a share of the treasure.

Jones County won fame when it came out against the Confederates, crying furiously that the whole conflict was a rich man's war and a poor man's fight. Declaring war on the Confederates themselves, it raided their armies and carried on guerrilla battles for years.

After the hostilities, economic

HARNETT T. KANE, a native Southerner, has had an active newspaper career as police reporter, feature writer, special correspondent and star reporter. His first two books, *Louisiana Hayride* and *Bayous of Louisiana*, were best sellers. His latest is *Deep Delta Country*.

want bit deep, but the small landowners clung hard. Lumbering brought good return for some, but eventually the hungry mills ate up most of the good timber, and today it is a sparse, cut-over territory.

Here and there in the red lands, among the broken stumps, the Negroes have filtered in. Descendants of slaves, given "freedom" but few of the things that most men believe go with it, they have sweated and grunted over their own small plots to coax the cotton from the hostile ground.

With the years, for black and white man alike, the scrawny soil has eroded. Even with heavy dosages of fertilizer, bad weather can reduce such soil's output to a half-bale an acre; and some remember "a heap o' times" when it might take four or five to get the bale.

Such was Southeast Mississippi of pre-boom days, poor and used to it, if not pleased about it. For some time, oil agents had been moseying around. Occasional drilling had been tried here and there with meagre production, a dry hole. Then the geologists made a report or two to the Gulf Refining Company, and

Copyright, American Mercury (December, 1944)

Christophe had taken advantage of the European notion that all colored people look alike and had treated him to thirty views of the same one thousand men.

Henri Christophe, who was born in 1767, played a prominent part in the slave insurrection against the French and in the rising of 1803. He fought with the great soldier, Dessalines, under the command of Toussaint l'Ouverture.

He was general-in-chief of the army during the short-lived government of Dessalines. Appointed president of Haiti in 1806, after the ensuing civil war, he was crowned king on June 2, 1812.

King Henri was ambitious for the future of his subjects. He built five national schools, supplied them with British masters and 2,000 pupils. He established a chair of anatomy and surgery.

Builder and planter of his kingdom, he made his people work, and they called it slavery. He punished severely all he caught sleeping on the job, and they called him tyrant.

And when he sentenced to death those who plotted against him, they said he was drunk with power. But he made his kingdom self-sufficient.

Under his supervision, roads were made, bridges built, reservoirs constructed, farms surveyed and a postal service to every section of the kingdom was organized.

He was born a slave, then became a stable boy, a waiter, a soldier, a general and king. At that time he

could not read and had learned to write only by his surname.

After his coronation he learned to write Henri I with the guidance of his personal secretaries. It was easier to write than Christophe. It was shorter.

Christophe knew that the citadel was more gigantic than any fortress ever erected on this side of the sea. He had dreamed it and his vitality had got it done. But the nobles hated it. It had become the king's, not theirs or Haiti's. This became the basis for growing discontent. And because Christophe, always building, had gone too fast for his ignorant subjects, none felt safe from his furies. He was helplessly entwined in a maze of hopes, ambitions and fears.

Then on the only day in his life that he ever attended mass, he saw the image of a priest whom he had put to death. A fall on the stone floor left him completely paralyzed, except for his head, hands and arms.

The people rejoiced at this turn of events and soldiers deserted him. Except for a few officers, secretaries and his family, he was alone. As he lay in his chamber at Sans Souci, he saw the flames which destroyed his chateaux, and he heard shots in the distance.

When the rebels reached his palace they found King Henri dead with a golden bullet in his brain.

The king was believed to have buried millions inside the citadel and on its grounds.

"Twice," she said. "Once on the Mount, and once on a Christmas. The Devil hollered, 'Christmas Gift' first, and the Lord seeing he was beat, said 'All right then, you take Alabama.'"

Copyright, Chicago Defender, January 20, 1945

Cola In Calypso

Condensed from Time

Andrews Sisters and others are selling like cigarettes.

Rum & Coca-Cola has been banned from the radio on two counts: 1) free advertising for a well-known soft drink, 2) the reference to rum and the general lustiness of the lyrics might corrupt the youth of the land.

As sung in Trinidad, in its native state, the song might have been censored with more cause. *Rum & Coca-Cola* burgeoned on the Port-of-Spain waterfront in 1943.

Its composer was a stocky Negro calypso singer named Rupert Grant, known for professional purposes as "Lord Invader." For *Rum & Coca-Cola* he took a tune, with alterations, from a popular Trinidad *paseo* (two step), and dogged out some doggerel:

*Since the Yankees came to Trinidad,
They have the young girls going mad,
Young girls say they treat them nice,
And they give them a better price.
They bury rum & Coca-Cola,
Go down to Point Cumana.
Both the mothers and daughters
Working for the Yankee dollars.*

Lord Invader's ditty caught on with the U. S. troops, who belted it lustily in Trinidad's barracks and cafes.

Copyright, Time, January 29, 1945

A Yank In Dixie

Condensed from Washington Post

By Drew Pearson

MEMBERS of the Mississippi congressional delegation met to welcome one of their state's war heroes—Lt. Van T. Barfoot of Carthage, Miss., who

has been awarded the Medal of Honor, the Silver Star, the Bronze Star and the Purple Heart. A soft-spoken lad, who had never

been out of Mississippi before entering the army, Lt. Barfoot fought with distinction in Africa, Sicily and Italy.

A little embarrassed at being surrounded by congressmen, Barfoot told some of his experiences in combat and tried to answer questions. One of them finally came from Sen. Theodore (The Man) Bilbo on his favorite subject.

"Lieutenant," Bilbo asked, "did you have much trouble with Negroes over there?"

Bilbo was set back on his heels when the lieutenant drawled:

"Mr. Senator, I found out after I did some fightin' in this war, the Negro boys fight just as good as the white boys. I have changed my ideas a lot about Negroes since I got into this war, and so have a lot of other boys from the South. We've found the Negro boys all right."

Then Lt. Barfoot quietly volunteered this information:

"Coming up to Washington on the train, I went into the diner and found it full. The waiter told me I'd have to wait, but I could see, behind a little curtain, a Negro army captain sitting at a table by himself. I said, 'What's wrong with that table?' The steward told me he didn't think I'd want to sit with a Negro and I said:

"Why not? I've fought with Negroes—why shouldn't I eat with 'em? I sat with that Negro captain and we had a fine chat."

Copyright, Washington Post, January 18, 1945



¶ King Henri Christophe's Citadel
in Haiti is monument to black monarch

Eighth Wonder Of The World

Condensed from Baltimore Afro-American

TWENTY-SIX hundred feet above sea level, on the summit of Bonnet-a-l'Eveque stands La Citadel Ferriere, the mammoth fortress built 130 years ago by King Henri Christophe of Haiti.

This masterpiece of colored genius is called the eighth wonder of the world.

Work on it began in January, 1804, at the order of Dessalines, predecessor to King Henri. To guard against rebellion and to meet the ever-feared French invasion, Christophe pushed its construction.

Into the heart of the mountainous jungle, men and women carried every bit of stone, brick, wood and metal up to the mountain top. It took three hours to climb the winding dangerous trail.

A total of 365 huge bronze cannon—one for every day in the year—was dragged up and ranked in batteries. Gunpowder, and iron cannon balls were borne up the trail and piled into chambers behind the guns. It is said that in this stupendous undertaking 20,000 lives were lost.

The citadel was named for Felix

Ferriere, referred to as a mulatto engineer, who was its architect. Legend has it that, as it neared completion, Christophe hurled him to death from its highest parapet so that the secrets of his mighty fortress might be preserved.

He also marched a company of his guards off the same parapet into the abyss below to demonstrate to an English admiral the discipline of his men.

Once King Henri invited an English admiral to witness a review of his household troops. A rich carpet was laid and chairs were arranged. At Christophe's command, a company of soldiers entered, marching eight abreast.

The admiral was amazed, for every soldier was at least six feet tall, and all wore elaborate and splendid uniforms. Each regiment appeared in a different uniform.

The dazed admiral estimated that no less than 30,000 men had passed before him. But what he did not know was that as each squad passed from sight, the men broke ranks, changed uniforms and fell into ranks to pass in new guise before the throne.

Copyright, Baltimore Afro-American (January 20, 1945)

NEGRO DIGEST POLL

Should Negroes Accept Segregation In The South?

By Wallace Lee

Director, Negro Digest Poll

A SHARP clash of opinions is found among Negroes on the controversial problem of whether they should accept segregation in the South, the NEGRO DIGEST Poll for March discloses.

Although most Northern Negroes feel that Jim Crow laws in Dixie should be challenged and disobeyed, the 75 per cent of the nation's Negro population which lives in the South feels that segregation should be accepted and racial gains made on other fronts.

Replying to the question, "Should Negroes Accept Segregation in the South?" the answers were:

	Yes	No	Uncided
North	13%	72%	15%
West	16%	70%	14%
South	68%	9%	23%

The replies reflected the increasing clash among the Negro population on strategy and tactics in the fight for racial equality.

Typical answers by Northern Negroes showed that most colored people north of the Mason and Dixon

Line feel that segregation is synonymous with discrimination and that it is impossible to have separate but equal facilities under the present racial pattern in the South.

Pointed to as a typical example is the Dixie school system. Under the Jim Crow setup, the schools are separate but far from equal with Negro facilities being far below the standards of white schools because of low legislative appropriations for colored students.

Southern Negroes on the other hand expressed a fear that to disturb the Jim Crow system of segregation at the present time would cause widespread violence and rioting. Many said that advances made by Negroes during the war period showed that gains were possible in the fight for racial equality without disturbing the segregation pattern.

Some Southerners declared that widespread civil disobedience as sometimes advocated by A. Philip Randolph of the March On Washington would incite a wave of terror and bloodshed by Ku Klux Klan elements now increasingly active.

Butcher Bill wakes from his nap in time to make the town lynching



By Erskine Caldwell

TOM DENNY shoved the hunk of meat out of his way and stretched out on the meatblock. He wanted to lie on his back and rest. The meatblock was the only comfortable place in the butcher-shop where a man could stretch out and Tom just had to rest every once in a while.

He could prop his foot on the edge of the block, swing the other leg across his knee and be fairly comfortable with a hunk of rump under his head. The meat was nice and cool just after it came from the icehouse. Tom did that. He wanted to rest himself a while and he had

to be comfortable on the meatblock. He kicked off his shoes so he could wiggle his toes.

Tom's butcher-shop did not have a very pleasant smell. Strangers who went in to buy Tom's meat for the first time were always asking him what it was that had died between the walls. The smell got worse and worse year after year.

Tom bit off a chew of tobacco and made himself comfortable on the meatblock.

There was a swarm of flies buzzing around the place; those lazy, stinging, fat and greasy flies that lived in Tom's butcher-shop. A screen door at the front kept out some of them that tried to get inside, but if they were used to coming in and filling up on the fresh blood on the meatblock they knew how to fly

ERSKINE CALDWELL is one of the foremost writers in America, his *Tobacco Road* being his most widely-read work. His most recent book is *Tragic Ground*.

Copyright, 1944, By Erskine Caldwell
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around to the back door where there had never been a screen.

Everybody ate Tom's meat, and liked it. There was no other butcher-shop in town. You walked in and said, "Hello, Tom. How's everything today?"

"Everything's slick as a whistle with me, but my old woman's got the chills and fever again."

Then after Tom had finished telling how it felt to have chills and fever, you said, "I want a pound of pork chops, Tom."

And Tom said, "By gosh, I'll git it for you right away."

While you stood around waiting for the chops Tom turned the hunk of beef over two or three times businesslike and hacked off a pound of pork for you. If you wanted veal it was all the same to Tom. He slammed the hunk of beef around several times making a great to-do, and got the veal for you.

He pleased everybody. Ask Tom for any kind of meat you could name, and Tom had it right there on the meatblock waiting to be cut off and weighed.

Tom brushed the flies off his face and took a little snooze. It was midday. The country people had not yet got to town. It was laying-by season and everybody was working right up to twelve o'clock sun time, which was half an hour slower than railroad time. There was hardly anybody in town at this time of day, even though it was Saturday.

All the town people who had

wanted some of Tom's meat for Saturday dinner had already got what they needed, and it was too early in the day to buy Sunday meat. The best time of day to get meat from Tom if it was to be kept over until Sunday was about ten o'clock Saturday night. Then you could take it home and be fairly certain that it would not turn bad before noon the next day—if the weather was not too hot.

The flies buzzed and lit on Tom's mouth and nose and Tom knocked them away with his hand and tried to sleep on the meatblock with the cool hunk of rump steak under his head. The tobacco juice kept trying to trickle down his throat and Tom had to keep spitting it out. There was a cigar-box half full of sawdust in the corner behind the showcase where livers and brains were kept for display, but he could not quite spit that far from the position he was in.

The tobacco juice splattered on the floor midway between the meatblock and cigar-box. What little of it dripped on the piece of rump steak did not really matter: most people cleaned their meat before they cooked and ate it, and it would all wash off.

But the danged flies! They kept on buzzing and stinging as mean as ever, and there is nothing any meaner than a lazy, well-fed, butcher-shop fly in the summer-time, anyway. Tom knocked them off his face and spat them off his mouth the

need the active power of a functioning citizenship in the process. Economic power alone will not do it, though Negroes can make great gains through the wise use of their purchasing power in enterprises which do not arbitrarily segregate or discriminate. Religious enthusiasm and zeal alone will not do it, though they need a dynamic leadership from organized religion. This means that the church must contribute works as well as faith to this cause.

In addition to all these there is need for an intelligent, democratic program of action that will give Negroes faith in themselves, pride in their achievements, the moral strength to respect themselves as normal human beings, and the intelligence necessary for constructive social action.

How much can be done now toward eliminating segregation and discrimination? At least three steps can be taken immediately. Negroes and their friends-in-democracy can:

1. Devote every effort to obtain equal facilities under any and all

conditions where the laws say such facilities must be "separate but equal," as well as in areas where there is no organic abridgement of citizenship rights.

2. Refrain from visiting, supporting or otherwise patronizing any movement, enterprise, convenience or facility which arbitrarily segregates them or discriminates against them.

3. Refuse to accept, support or patronize any second-class substitutes for first-class conveniences denied them because they are Negroes.

The broad fight against the laws of segregation will continue for some time but until Negroes are willing to work for what they believe, to make the basic sacrifices essential to promoting real democracy in the United States, there is little need for their talking about freedoms and liberties and equalities.

Negroes must do some things for themselves, with their own power, and without fear. After all, they have nothing to lose but segregation and discrimination.



100 Reasons Against Racism

THERE ARE more than 100 interracial committees now attempting to prevent conflict and develop a better mutual understanding between the whites and the Negroes of the United States.

Preling Foster, Colliers

crimnatory. I have yet to see the barriers of segregation and discrimination broken down by whining and name-calling.

For many years Negro leaders have said that the important thing is to keep one's spirit from becoming Jim Crowed when subjected to conditions of segregation and discrimination. They said Negroes must keep their bloody heads unbowed. That philosophy has worked perhaps for a few thousand Negroes who have been able to enjoy the middle-class comforts that money can buy on planes and trains and in the market place, but the masses of Negroes have borne the brunt of segregation's burden. Their heads have been made both bloody and bowed.

This sort of resigned acceptance of the fact of segregation coupled to an inner withdrawal from reality has permitted segregation to become almost as firmly entrenched in our way of living as is the Christian religion. One outstanding Southerner cites Walter White as the source of a statement that fully ninety per cent of the non-colored Americans believe in segregation.

Segregation regulates the whole pattern of community living in the South and has been seeping into the community practices of the rest of the nation. Because of segregation millions of white and Negro children have never attended a good public school.

Millions of whites and Negroes

believe that it is natural, normal, even right, to segregate people on the basis of color. Their specious reasoning enables them to bolster a belief that Negroes belong in Jim Crow coaches, in dank and dirty waiting rooms, in baggage cars, in segregated sections of stores, behind green curtains on diners, in the basements of hospitals, and in the slums of cities. It enables them to believe that Negroes should not vote in primaries nor have equal education facilities, equal justice, or, to sum it all—freedom from exploitation. This is what segregation means. If it were merely a matter of separation the question would be far different.

The world has had approximately 2,000 years of experience in living separately, and not with any too great success. But segregation sets apart with a brand, isolates, and engenders exploitation. Through apathy, fear, lack of direction and the pressure of power the Negro has been forced to accept the role of an inferior people as if he admitted being one of them.

Some people rationalize the situation, saying it will be changed in time. How? By whom? Only the simple believe that segregation and discrimination can be eliminated without great effort. Only the naive believe that they must go on forever.

If Negroes should not accept segregation, what steps should they take to get rid of it? Political action alone will not do it, though they

best he could without having to move too much. After a while he let them alone.

Tom was enjoying a good little snooze when Jim Baxter came running through the back door from the barber-shop on the corner. Jim was Tom's partner and he came in sometimes on busy days to help out.

He was a great big man, almost twice as large as Tom. He always wore a big wide-brimmed black hat and a blue shirt with the sleeves rolled up above his elbows. He had a large egg-shaped belly over which his breeches were always slipping down. When he walked he tugged at his breeches all the time, pulling them up over the top of his belly. But they were always working down until it looked as if they were ready to drop to the ground any minute and trip him. Jim would not wear suspenders. A belt was more sporty-looking.

Tom was snoozing away when Jim ran in the back door and grabbed him by the shoulders. A big handful of flies had gone to sleep on Tom's mouth. Jim shooed them off.

"Hey, Tom, Tom!" Jim shouted breathlessly. "Wake up, Tom! Wake up quick!"

Tom jumped to the floor and pulled on his shoes. He had become so accustomed to people coming in and waking him up to buy a quarter's worth of steak or a quarter's worth of ham that he had mistaken Jim for a customer. He rub-

bed the back of his hands over his mouth to take away the fly-stings.

"What the hell!" he sputtered looking up and seeing Jim standing there beside him. "What you want?"

"Come on, Tom! Git your gun! We're going after a nigger down the creek a ways."

"God Almighty, Jim!" Tom shouted, now fully awake. He clutched Jim's arm and begged: "You going to git a nigger, sure enough?"

"You're damn right, Tom. You know that gingerbread nigger what used to work on the railroad a long time back? Him's the nigger we're going to git. And we're going to git him good and proper, the yellow-face coon. He said something to Fred Jackson's oldest gal down the road yonder about an hour ago. Fred told us all about it over at the barber-shop. Come on Tom. We got to hurry. I expect we'll jerk him up pretty soon now."

Tom tied on his shoes and ran across the street behind Jim. Tom had his shotgun under his arm, and Jim had pulled the cleaver out of the meatblock. They'd get the God-damn nigger all right—God damn his yellow hide to hell!

Tom climbed into an automobile with some other men. Jim jumped on the running-board of another car just as it was leaving. There were thirty or forty cars headed for the creek bottom already and more getting ready to start.

They had a place already picked out at the creek. There was a clearing in the woods by the road and there was just enough room to do the job like it should be done. Plenty of dry brushwood nearby and a good-sized sweetgum tree in the middle of the clearing.

The automobiles stopped and the men jumped out in a hurry. Some others had gone for Will Maxie. Will was the gingerbread Negro. They would probably find him at home laying-by his cotton. Will could grow good cotton. He cut out all the grass first, and then he banked his rows with earth. Everybody else laid-by his cotton without going to the trouble of taking out the grass.

But Will was a pretty smart Negro. And he could raise a lot of corn too, to the acre. He always cut out the grass before he laid-by his corn. But nobody liked Will. He made too much money by taking out the grass before laying-by his cotton and corn. He made more money than Tom and Jim made in the butcher-shop selling people meat.

Doc Cromer had sent his boy down from the drugstore with half a dozen cases of Coca-Cola and a piece of ice in a washtub. The tub had some muddy water put in it from the creek, then the chunk of ice, and then three cases of Coca-Cola. When they were gone the boy would put the other three cases in the tub and give the dopes a

chance to cool. Everybody likes to drink a lot of dopes when they are nice and cold.

Tom went out in the woods to take a drink of corn with Jim and Hubert Wells. Hubert always carried a jug of corn with him wherever he happened to be going. He made the whisky himself at his own still and got a fairly good living by selling it around the courthouse and the barber-shop. Hubert made the best corn in the country.

Will Maxie was coming up the big road in a hurry. A couple of dozen men were behind him poking him with sticks. Will was getting old. He had a wife and three grown daughters, all married and settled. Will was a pretty good Negro too, minding his own business, stepping out of the road when he met a white man, and otherwise behaving himself. But nobody liked Will. He made too much money by taking the grass out of his cotton before it was laid-by.

Will came running up the road and the men steered him into the clearing. It was all fixed. There was a big pile of brushwood and a trace chain for his neck and one for his feet. That would hold him. There were two or three cans of gasoline, too.

Doc Cromer's boy was doing a good business with his Coca-Colas. Only five or six bottles of the first three cases were left in the washtub. He was getting ready to put the other cases in now and give the

ciety can successfully ban race hate, and class prejudice, in one section of the earth, it can, in another.

Civilization needs new definitions for freedom and democracy, and those definitions should come from men and women with moral courage. This is the hour when humanity should look at truth naked and bare.

After all, Jim Crow and segregation are in actuality the real tests

of democracy. Americans should understand and know that democracy is a sham postulating that unity is separation. Strong, virile, courageous leadership among the dark races everywhere is today as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice in interpretation of higher and more ideal morality. We choose to take our stand with them rather than with those dominated by the puerile expediency of the moment.

NO.

By Ira De A. Reid

EIGHTY-ODD years of legal segregation in the United States have sown for the American people a field of tares in which a constructive social democracy cannot grow.

We have continued and accepted discriminatory practices of segregation, developed in times different from these, for reasons which are no longer valid, as if they were the irrevocable and ineradicable mandates of an unjust and tyrannical Jahveh. The time has come when people who are unwilling victims of these laws and the conditions they create and perpetuate must speak out against them, and honestly work for their elimination.

Negroes should never accept se-

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gregation; they should be eternally alert to devising techniques and strategies for getting rid of it.

I am against the segregation of and discriminations against peoples on account of their race, creed or color in every form and under every condition. I believe it is my duty as a person, a citizen, and a Negro to work in every way possible for the elimination of any and all such discriminations which pollute the thinking, defile the beliefs and pervert the personalities of all they touch, regardless of race.

I believe that honest men and women who profess hopes for a truly democratic society must work to remove and to prevent the extension of all such barriers of segregation and discrimination. I have yet to see a legally racially segregated institution that was not dis-

in the Southern section of the United States without opportunity to defecate, relieve the bladder, to eat, or to sleep. Is there anything democratic or brotherly about such inhuman social sanctions in a region supposed to be dominated by democratic principles?

There is nothing more vicious or demoralizing in American life than segregation. It develops an inferiority complex in Negro youth, and the exact opposite in white youth. Frustration and resignation grips the average Negro boy and girl in plastic years. The mischief is done when black boys and girls discover that in the very citadel of the law, a difference is made as between black and white.

Unfortunately, many leading Negroes do not seem to realize that when once a group is segregated, political, economic and intellectual ruin is possible. Disfranchisement, separate schools, residential zoning ordinances are all hand-maidens of segregation. It denies black Americans the right to have influence upon government, and maintain their social-economic structure on parity with other citizens. The whole purpose of enforced human duality is debasement of the underdog.

I am opposed to segregation as a principle in government because I do not feel society has any right to tell me who I may marry. Segregation, as expressed in anti-marriage statutes has made it possible for

white men to approach black women, here in America, without being responsible to give black women their names, or under certain conditions, give black women's children their name. If America is a democracy, every man, when he approaches a woman, of whatever color, should sustain identical responsibility for his acts. We never will have a decent and moral America until government is a shield rather than a hindrance to normal human relationships.

American Negroes who envision a wholesome future within the precincts of segregation, have only to turn to South Africa where segregation is brutally florescent. In South Africa, the native Bantu walks in the street with cattle. Race prejudice is an insatiable monster. It can sustain itself only in the kingdom of selfishness and terrorism. It is with the mob democracy is distorted and warped in order to enforce practices of segregation. To justify hogishness and self indulgence, segregationists preach inferiority of its victims, and vindicate guardianship over the depossessed by claiming to maintain racial purity.

Millions of dark people the world over are today crying for freedom, and the challenge standing out before American Negro leadership is to have the moral courage, understanding and vision to meet the challenges of the hour.

Russia has made it a crime to segregate and discriminate. If so-

dopes a chance to get nice and cool. Everybody likes to have a dope every once in a while.

The Cromer boy would probably sell out and have to go back to town and bring back several more cases. And yet there was not such a big crowd today, either. It was the hot weather that made people have to drink a lot of dopes to stay cool. There were only a hundred and fifty or seventy-five there today. There had not been enough time for the word to get passed around. Tom would have missed it if Jim had not run in and told him about it while he was taking a nap on the meat-block.

Will Maxie did not drink Coca-Cola. Will never spent his money on anything like that. That was what was wrong with him. He was too damn good for a Negro. He did not drink corn whiskey, nor make it; he did not carry a knife, nor a razor; he bared his head when he met a white man, and he lived with his own wife.

But they had him now! God damn his gingerbread hide to hell. They had him where he could not take any more grass out of his cotton before laying it by. They had him tied to a sweetgum tree in the clearing at the creek with a trace-chain around his neck and another around his knees. Yes, sir, they had Will Maxie now, the yellow-face coon! He would not take any more grass out of his cotton before laying it by!

Tom was feeling good. Hubert gave him another drink in the woods. Hubert was all right. He made good corn whiskey. Tom liked him for that. And Hubert always took his wife a big piece of meat Saturday night to use over Sunday. Nice meat, too. Tom cut off the meat and Hubert took it home and made a present of it to his wife.

Will Maxie was going up in smoke. When he was just about gone, they gave him the lead. Tom stood back and took good aim and fired away at Will with his shotgun as fast as he could breach it and put in a new load. About forty or more of the other men had shotguns too. They filled him so full of lead that his body sagged from his neck where the trace-chain held him up.

The Cromer boy had sold completely out. All of his ice and dopes were gone. Doc Cromer would feel pretty good when his boy brought back all that money. Six whole cases he sold, at a dime a bottle. If he had brought along another case or two he could have sold them easily enough. Everybody likes Coca-Cola. There is nothing better to drink on a hot day, if the dopes are nice and cool.

After a while the men got ready to draw the body up in the tree and tie it to a limb so it could hang there, but Tom and Jim could not wait and they went back to town the first chance they got to ride. They were in a big hurry. They

had been gone several hours and it was almost four o'clock.

A lot of people came downtown early Saturday afternoon to get their Sunday meat before it was picked over by the country people. Tom and Jim had to hurry back and open up the meat-market and get to work slicing steaks and chopping soup bones with the cleaver on the meat-block.

Tom was the butcher. He did all the work with the meat. He went out and killed a cow and quartered her. Then he hauled the meat to the butcher-shop and hung it on the hooks in the icehouse. When somebody wanted to buy some meat, he took one of the quarters from the hook and threw it on the meatblock and cut what you asked for. You told Tom what you wanted and he gave it to you, no matter what it was you asked for.

Then you stepped over to the counter and paid Jim the money for it. Jim was the cashier. He did all the talking, too. Tom had to do the cutting and weighing. Jim's egg-shaped belly was too big for him to work around the meatblock. Tom did that part, and Jim took the money and put it into the cashbox under the counter.

slice you a piece of tenderloin steak, so Tom did that and Jim took the money and put it into the cashbox under the counter.

Tom and Jim got back to town just in time. There was a big crowd standing around on the street getting ready to do their weekly trading, and they had to have some meat. You went in the butcher-shop and said, "Hello, Tom. I want two pounds and a half of pork chops."

Tom said, "Hello, I'll get it for you right away."

While you were waiting for Tom to cut the meat off the hunk of rump steak you asked him how was everything.

"Everything's slick as a whistle," he said, "except my old woman's got the chills and fever pretty bad again."

Tom weighed the pork chops and wrapped them up for you and then you stepped over to Jim and paid him the money. Jim was the cashier. His egg-shaped belly was too big for him to work around the meatblock. Tom did that part, and Jim took the money and put it into the cashbox under the counter.



were forced to wear veils, and the men yellow hats. Jews in Rome during that period were allowed to sell nothing but rags.

In later years, when the English conquered the Irish, the clans of St. Patrick were segregated in four counties designated as the Pale, and in order that Irish degradation may be known in the 16th century, it is pointed out that the penalty of death was visited upon both English and Irish through the enactment of the "State of Kilkenny," if they intermarried.

Unquestionably, segregation has at the core an economic background. It is the technique and method by which human snobbery and racial chauvinism, legally designates some one in every age as hewers of wood and drawers of water. It is "inter" as well as intra-racial. The "untouchables" of India are proof that through a caste system, we justify intra-racial inferior and superior stratum.

Upper class whites, today, subtly segregate "poor white trash" right here in America, through the enactment of zoning ordinances, which require a certain type home to be erected in a given area.

I have always objected to segregation in any form realizing that it is undemocratic, anti-social and intended to destroy self-respect and

spiritual and emotional urge within its victims. Across a period of thirty years, I have never voluntarily attended a show, ball game, or any type of recreational program, where Jim Crow is practiced. I submit to segregation only when business and legal matters force my presence into such environment. I have never been able to understand so-called Negro leaders, who find pleasure in "buzzard roosts," and in other instances suggest it is expedient to accept segregation as a road towards inter-racial brotherhood.

Segregation is the very antithesis of integration, which is the spiritual and constitutional pattern of American life. We take the position that segregation is discrimination. That is why, some time ago, we considered it unseemly when certain Negro leaders rationalized upon the idea that attempts should be made to extract or eliminate discrimination from segregation. We will of course be able to perform this miracle in the day when rabbits conquer the principles of birth control.

When a unit of humanity is set apart from others, a difference has been made between two groups, which constitutes discrimination, and when one adds to this separation, the fact that such segregation is practiced because of belief that one human is better than another, the inequalities in separate coaches and waiting rooms is easily understood.

I have ridden hundreds of miles

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suaed that the poll tax limits Negro voting may recall that a sure prospect of poll tax reform in Alabama was destroyed in 1938 when the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, meeting in Birmingham, agitated against segregation among its delegates, although a Birmingham city ordinance required it.

In 1943 the immense advancement that could have come to the Negro through passage of the federal bill in aid of education was lost when Senator Langer, of North Dakota, introduced an amendment which raised the segregation issue and caused Southern Senators to turn against the bill.

In the last-named instance the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People joined the Southern Senators in opposing the Langer's amendment. This, to me, was a significant recognition of the strategy suggested here. It was a recognition of the fact that segregation wasn't going to be abolished and that, by accepting it, the Negro

could gain other things of more importance.

To my knowledge there are millions of white people in the South who would enlist themselves radically more than they do now in aid of the Southern Negro and his advancement if they were assured that this were not leading to an end of segregation. While insisting that the line be drawn, they are in full agreement with the Southern Negro editor who said the line should be a vertical one, with the good things of life on both sides, rather than a horizontal one with the white people always on top and the colored on the bottom.

Let Southern white people be assured against a federal interfering to which they are inflexibly opposed and an abolition of segregation they are determined shall not take place, and I believe we would see state fair employment practices committees in the South, or state commissions of even wider scope in protection of the Negro's economic opportunity and civil rights.

NO.

By Roscoe Dungee

SEGREGATION is focal in idea that one human being is better than another. It is un-Christian, anti-social formula by which dominant groups de-

stroy self-respect and the urge to strive among weaker peoples.

The early day Romans, during the age of Constantine, segregated Jews in ghettos, where Hebrew women

¶ First Negro president of famous Oxford Union comes from West Indies

Polo-Playing Marxist

Condensed from The Leader, London

By Tom Driberg

THE GREAT-grandparents of James Cameron Tudor were slaves. The owners of some of them were named Cameron, the owners of others were named Tudor.

In 1942 James Cameron Tudor became the first Negro president in the history of the Oxford Union.

That is the label now usually attached to him. Actually he is prouder of other undergraduate activities—of having twice been chairman of the Oxford University Socialist Club, of having held office in the National Union of Students. But such public prestige still attaches to the Oxford Union that this label is, he says with a smile, "the concession that I shall have to make to world opinion."

He is less pompous than such words imply. Success in Oxford and on the British Broadcasting Company—he broadcasts to the West In-

dies every Saturday night an atmospheric, human summary of the week in Parliament—has not turned his head.

He is, in a modest way, a "good mixer"—not an easy thing for a Negro to be in England, even though there is no color bar as such. In all his five years in England he has never once been conscious, in an uncomfortable sense, of a color difference—though he is occasionally faintly put out by the exaggerated courtesy with which those entertaining him (with the best intentions) mark their consciousness of it. (On such occasions old ladies will usually call him "Dear boy.")

During Oxford vacations, he has certainly gone the best way about getting to know the English people. In the long summer vacation he has usually hitch-hiked about the country, and then settled down to do some weeks' solid farm work wherever he had heard that such work was going—in Devon, for instance. He has greatly enjoyed the company and the natural friendliness of farm-

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ers and farm workers. Asked once to sum up his impressions of the country, he replied: "I have seen through the British people, and like what I see."

He is 25 years old. He was born at Bridgetown, Barbados—eldest of 12 children of a general merchant.

Cameron Tudor is still studying at Oxford—mainly research in nutritional education. He keeps rooms there and shares a flat in Bloomsbury, London. Soon he will go

home to his native Barbados, for the first time since he came to England, to do field research there and put into practical application what he has learned at Oxford.

He has one unexpected regret—that he has never done any fox-hunting here. "I would have loved that," he says.

He belongs to a somewhat special class of people: he is one of the few Negro Marxists in the world who play polo.

My Time Is Your Time

IN AN IMPORTANT damage suit, a Negro witness for the man who had been injured testified that five minutes elapsed between two events. Since the interval of time was very important, the opposing lawyer questioned the Negro's accuracy and sought to impeach him.

"You're sure it was five minutes?"

"Ain't I told you so, sir."

"Couldn't it have been four minutes—or three?"

"I said five minutes."

The lawyer leaned back with a sneer. "I'm going to test you right here and now. When I give the word, I want you to start timing—and then at the end of five minutes, you tell me." The lawyer laid his watch down in front of him.

At the exact end of five minutes, the old Negro spoke up: "That's five minutes exactly, sir."

The lawyer grunted in disgust. "You were right, for once."

The evidence so impressed the jury, that the lawyer lost his case. After the court adjourned the lawyer came over to the Negro witness. "Tom, I'll forgive you if you'll just tell me how you did it."

"Yes, sir," he said agreeably. "I just figured it out."

"How?"

"By the clock on the wall behind you!"

Lewis Copeland, The World's Best Jokes



Should Negroes

Accept

Segregation

In The South?

YES:

By John Temple Graves

WHERE segregation has no chance of being abolished and insistence upon abolition only compromises chance of other advancements, it seems to me that Negro leadership should consider accepting it.

Mark Ethridge, famous Southern liberal and friend of the Negro, has testified that "there is no power in the world—not even all the mechanized armies of the earth, Allied and Axis—which could now force the Southern white people to the abandonment of the principle of social segregation."

Virginia Dabney, another Southern friend, after unsuccessfully attempting to have Jim Crow abolished on street cars and buses in his

city of Richmond, is quoted as saying that ninety-eight per cent of the white people of America are for segregation.

Right or wrong, segregation is not going to be abolished in the South, nor, apparently, in many other parts of the country where it exists informally but definitely.

Meanwhile, insistence on abolition is robbing the Negro of other advancements for which he cares more and which he needs more.

Opposition to a permanent Fair Employment Practices Committee, for example, is due almost solely to a belief that this committee seeks to do away with segregation. If it were not for that, I know that a great many Southern white leaders would be very sincerely in favor of efforts to see the Negro more fairly treated in employment practice and economic opportunity in general.

And Negro leaders who are per-

JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES is considered one of the outstanding white liberals of the South. He is editor of the leading Dixie newspaper, the Birmingham *Age-Herald*.

Pulpit and Pew

THE NEGRO MINISTER'S wife died rather suddenly and such was his grief that he felt he could not go on with his sacred duties for the rest of the week. Perhaps it was his grief too, which was responsible for the following message which he wired his bishop:

"Regret to inform you my wife has just died. Please send substitute for the weekend."

The New Anecdota Americana

A NEGRO MINISTER in California was calling a fellow gentleman of the cloth in California. "Is this a station-to-station call?" asked the operator.

"No," was the reply. "Parson to parson."

Ralph Carter

DURING THE SUNDAY morning services, the Negro minister noticed that Brother Smith was missing. After his sermon was over, he paid a visit to the Smith home and little Johnnie came to the door. "Pa ain't home," he announced. "He went to the pool room."

The preacher glowered and Johnnie added:

"Oh, he ain't going to play pool, not on Sunday. He just went over for a couple of drinks and a little poker."

Susan Alfred

IN A DEBATING club of colored intelligentsia the question was raised which of the arts pays best. A preacher being asked for his opinion asserted: "There are men who can write a whole page and get ten dollars a page, there are men who can fill a sheet of music and get twenty-five dollars a page, but when I get through preaching it takes four men to bring the money to the altar."

G. W. Blech, Judy's

THE NEGRO PREACHER finished his sermon and then announced: "All those who wish to give money to help pay off the mortgage, please stand up. Meanwhile the organ will play appropriate music."

Asked the organist: "What music is appropriate?"

The reply: "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Jeffrey Jackson

A LITTLE NEGRO BOY was going to Sunday school for the first time and his mother gave him a nickel for the collection. He returned with the money.

"I didn't need it," he explained. "The minister met me at the door and let me in free."

Frank Johnson

¶ Legends of Venture Smith's strength still live in Connecticut River Valley

New England's John Henry

By Ann Petry

ALONG the Connecticut River valley the workers in lumber camps and the farmers who spin tales around pot-bellied stoves in country stores never talk of John Henry. Instead they talk of Venture Smith, African—and in their stories about him he looms up ten feet tall, stronger and bigger and smarter than any man seen in that section before or since.

The legend of Venture Smith differs in many ways from that of John Henry for only a small part of it is based on his great strength. It is built up instead on tales of his urge for freedom and how it took him twenty-seven years to buy his way out of slavery, of his shrewdness as a trader, and of his thrift.

When he was eight, Venture was sold to the mate of a Yankee raider that lay off the African coast—bought and sold for four gallons of rum and a tawdry piece of calico, and taken to Narraganset, Rhode Island. Yet when he died at the age of seventy-seven he was master of his own sailing vessels and owner of one hundred acres of rich fertile land. He had purchased not only his own

freedom but that of his wife, his three children and three other slaves.

He freed himself through his enormous strength for he made an agreement with his last Connecticut purchaser that one half the money he earned working for other men at night should go toward the price of his freedom. He could chop more wood than any other man in the state and by swinging his nine-pound axe all day and half the night he had literally chopped his way to freedom when he was thirty-five.

The Connecticut countryside abounds with stories about him for he weighed three hundred pounds and measured six feet around the waist—a man so big he had to go sideways through average doorways and had to have furniture especially built to support his weight. After he bought his freedom he often went to Long Island by canoe to cut wood and easily surpassed the Indians' time record for the forty-five mile trip. The speed and pace of his paddling was such that he sent his canoe sailing through the water at a rate no white man could hope to equal.

According to legend his anger at

injustice was worthy of a man his size. During the days when he was a slave one of his masters struck him with a heavy block of wood. He appealed to a Justice of the Peace who informed his master and his master's brother that the action was outrageous. On the way home the two men attempted to beat him and Venture said afterward: "I became enraged and immediately turned them both under me, laid one of them across the other, and stamped them both with my feet what I would."

As a result even today when the fall storms whip the Connecticut River into a fury or when the flood tides come in the Spring, the Yankees say: "Venture's mad about somep'n."

He started going blind when he was sixty-nine. Though his sight completely left him, his great strength remained. For example when he purchased oxen, he would examine them carefully by feeling them and then he would estimate their weight by seizing each ox by its hind legs and raising it up.

When a big boat beached so far up out of the water that her owners despaired of ever getting her off Venture offered to help. "True I am blind," he said, "but I can give you a lift." The story goes that he was led to the water's edge. And then, "The timbers fairly cracked as his great hands touched the scow. She swept into the water like a bird on the wing."

He was, in addition, an author for

he published a record of his life and his achievements in a yellowed paper bound volume printed in 1798 at New London, Conn. It is entitled: *A Narrative of the Life and Adventure of Venture, a Native of Africa, but Resident Above 50 Years in the United States of America, Related by Himself*. He states in his book that he was born at Dukandarra in Guinea, that his father was Saungm Furro, prince of the tribe of Dukandarra.

This quotation from his journal in which he explains how he was able to acquire his land and his boats is worthy of a Benjamin Franklin: "I bought nothing which I did not absolutely want. As for superfluous finery I never thought it to be compared with decent homespun dress, a good supply of money and prudence. Expensive gatherings of my mates I commonly shunned, and all kinds of luxuries I was perfectly a stranger to and I never was at the expense of six pence worth of spirits."

Up around Haddam Neck the tall story tellers say that Venture was a philosopher, too. After he married he gave his wife an easily understood lesson in the importance of unity of effort. Throwing a rope over the house in which they were living he told her to go to the other side of the house and pull on it while he tugged at the rope on his side. After she had pulled her end of the rope for awhile he told her to come over to his side of the house,

She spends large sums on clothes. "I'll see something and I'll buy it. I can't explain why," she says.

Like most Negro musicians, she runs the usual gauntlet of prejudice. Taxis won't stop for her. On the road, some hotels won't give her a room. Restaurants occasionally object to serving her.

It disturbs her that some of the best musicians on 52nd Street had to go into jazz because the symphony orchestra wouldn't have them. It hurts her to see Negro parents spend the money to send their children to college, only to find it is the last stop on a dead end street.

"But you can't win with a chip on your shoulder," she says. "You have to use your head."

Benny Goodman's mixed orchestra, she feels, is one of the greatest boons the Negro musician ever had. "Every year they are being accepted in more places. Five years ago, for instance, most hotels wouldn't have a Negro play in them."

Mary Lou Williams likes all musicians. She likes to be with them, talk with them, jam with them.

"The bad ones, the good ones, the long whiskered ones," she says. "They're all good, even when they don't play well."



When Peace Comes, War Begins

TWO NEGROES met in the South, one saying, "Sam, I believe the war is almost over, because just you notice, the white folks are beginning to talk back to us."

Vogue

erage woman doesn't have sufficient strength and achieves a comparatively timid touch. With Mary Lou, the men not only feel at ease, but in many cases go out of their way to ask for her broadcastings and recordings.

For six months last year, during a break in her engagement at Cafe Society, she held down the piano with Duke Ellington's orchestra. Duke uses her arrangement of *Blue Skies* to open a good many of his shows. Sometimes he had her rehearse the orchestra.

She is amazingly versatile. She has written more than 100 songs, including *Cloudy*, *Ghost of Love*, *Froggy Bottom* and *Roll 'Em*. "Roll 'Em" she explains is not a dice game but a boogie bass you play in Kansas City." She does all her own arrangements and has done some for Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey.

When seized with the creative urge, she'll work from the time she finishes her last show until 9 or 10 o'clock the next morning. Then she'll sleep all day.

Vera Young, the girl with whom she lives in a three-room apartment in Harlem says: "Sometimes, people who don't know her will think she's crazy. They'll be riding along in a taxi talking away and suddenly look at Mary Lou. She'll have her fingers in her ears and be tapping with her foot on the floor. It just means she's got a new melody in her head."

She was born Mary Lou Winn in Pittsburgh in 1910. When she was 16, she married Saxophonist John Williams, now with Earl Hines' band. They were divorced. Two years ago she married Harold Baker, who was first trumpeter with Ellington until he went in the army a few months ago. She is separated from him, too, however.

"I can't keep husbands or sweet-hearts," she confesses with slight embarrassment. "I forget about them. I forget about friends, too. I guess the only thing I really love is music."

She is next to the oldest of 13 children. Her mother did general housework. They had a small organ in the house. Mary Lou began to pick over the keys herself when she was three.

She learned to play the piano on neighbors' pianos. The neighbors would pay 50 cents to listen to her. Sometimes she picked up as much as \$13 a week this way.

In high school she was an honorary student and graduated when she was 15. Her teachers sometimes sent her to symphony concerts. The next day she would astound them by playing by ear almost everything she had heard.

Despite the hardships of her early years, today she never accepts an engagement merely because of the salary to be paid. If she thinks she will be happy, O.K. If not, the offer can be twice what she's getting and she'll turn it down.

and thus pulling together on the rope it came down easily.

He offered this explanation to her and to the neighbors who had gathered to watch: "If we pull in life against each other we shall fail, but if we pull together we shall succeed."

Venture Smith died September 19, 1805. His body was taken across the cove by boat and carried on a bier some three miles to the cemetery of the First Congregational Church in East Haddam, Connecticut. The surrounding country was combed to find pall bearers over six feet in height—men, whose size fitted them for the task of carrying the son of an African prince to his final resting place. Going up the long Olmstead Hill to the small cemetery one of the hired bearers said: "Durned great nigger! Ought to have quartered him and gone four times. His weight makes the gravel stones crack under my feet!"

Thus even in death the man's

great size caused smaller men to squirm. His tombstone still stands in the cemetery of the East Haddam church. In true Yankee fashion the inscription pays tribute to his thrift:

Sacred to the Memory of
VENTURE SMITH,
African.

Though the son of a King, he was kidnapped and sold as a slave, but by his industry he acquired money to purchase his freedom.

WHO DIED Sept. 19, 1805
IN THE 77th YEAR OF HIS AGE

But men like Venture Smith, African, never die—they live on forever in the tales that men tell of them during the long, bitter nights when the heat from a pot-bellied stove isn't enough to drive the chill from the human heart and comfort can only be found in the tales of another era, in this case of how a great black man hacked and hewed his way to freedom.



CHATTER

You Northerners think we keep the Negro down because we're afraid he'll take our place in the sun. That Alabama sun's hot. What we're afraid of is he'll take our place in the shade.

Sen. Theodore Bilbo of Mississippi

The Federal tax on a quart of bottled-in-bond whiskey amounts to more than the poll tax collected by any Southern state. If a man, white or colored, prefers to buy the whiskey, and pay that tax, instead of using \$2 of his money to pay his poll tax, he is not disenfranchised by the poll tax but is disenfranchised by his preference for liquor over voting.

Jackson Daily News

The South brought order out of racial chaos. It did so by establishing a caste system. In that system the white man was to govern. The Negro had a secure, if a secondary, place. In it he was happy. The business of running a government of any kind, whether state or national, is a tedious and onerous one; and the Negro has no yearning or aptitude for politics.

Archibald Rutledge

... Since the Negroes were emancipated, they have failed, by reason of constant effort to get themselves adopted by the former master race, to make the progress that Japanese in the United States would have made.

Charleston, S. C., News-Courier

There are many southern white troops with the Allies chasing the Nazis across France, and I resent having the blood of other races pumped into their veins when they are helpless to do anything about it. I protest in the name of the white people of the United States.

Rep. John Rankin of Mississippi

Let's have all the white people vote irrespective as to whether any taxes have been paid or not. The Negroes as a class don't care to vote anyway, unless they are encouraged by some communistic elements.

Ex-Gov. Eugene Talmadge of Georgia

The poll tax is not a disfranchising provision. . . . One must be a registered voter before the failure to pay his poll tax disfranchises him and it disfranchises him then only if he fails to do what the law required him to do—pay his taxes.

Governor Chauncey Sparks of Alabama

SUCCESS STORY

¶ Music is first love
of Mary Lou Williams

Passion For A Piano

Condensed from New York Post

By Naomi Jolles

MARY LOU WILLIAMS is a plain, unassuming girl who plays a solid boogie woogie. The trade knows her as a "musician's musician."

She eschews all tricks of eye rolling, shoulder heaving and the kind of frills that dazzle a lay audience not sure of what it's all about. When she's performing, the piano has the spotlight.

Barney Josephson, owner of New York's Cafe Society, first tried to get her seven years ago. She turned him down politely. She'd been playing with Andy Kirk's band for years and she has the kind of loyalty that sticks.

The offer stayed open, however. When she left Kirk after a dispute over royalties on some 50 songs she had written, she went to Josephson.

For the first two months at Cafe Society she was late almost every night for her turn on the program

because she was so afraid of going out alone on the floor and doing her stuff solo.

During her previous career, which began when she was 16, she had always had the orchestra around her. Its bulk was comforting. She was fearful also that the night club audience wouldn't be sufficiently dazzled. They like intricacy and when Mary Lou plays it all sounds so easy.

When she first started, she used to play with her elbows and her toes. Ripley ran an item about her at this time as the girl who used to play a piano with a sheet over the keys. As she got older she dispensed with all this fol de rol because it made her feel silly. Musically, she is impeccable.

She is one of the few women in the business that men musicians really like to play with.

In an orchestra, the piano must have a very definite beat. The av-

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tions) and individuals (for example, university professors of anthropology, and Members of Parliament for the Natives) who work with unflagging zeal for fair play and better living conditions.

More hopeful probably than any of these in the long run, is the growing group of young South African business men, both English and Afrikaner, who are coming to realize that the Union needs markets, and that it would be more beneficial to utilize the potential and permanent markets of Natives (if they had the purchasing power) than to try to wrest world markets from the already great industrial powers.

These men admit that they still feel a prejudice against color, but they are aware that their feeling is prejudice. Such recognition is a necessary first step to its elimination.

Prejudice is no simple, one-sided affair.

The Coloureds, because they have more rights and privileges, look

down upon the Native and will make no common cause with him.

The Asiatics, some of whom are wealthy, are fighting their own battle for fair treatment; they exhibit no interest whatever in the Native except in so far as he makes more complicated their struggle for justice.

The educated Natives, even though they may not climb far up the social ladder, very often refuse to have anything to do with other Natives.

The great mass of Natives are of every variety, good, bad, and indifferent, keen and stupid, active and phlegmatic, handsome and ugly; and in these qualities they are no different from any other people in the world.

In the main, one sees the same kindly good humor, patience, even gaiety in the face of prejudice and discrimination which American Negroes have so long shown.



Boner By The Bigshot

WHEN MUSSOLINI started his war against Ethiopia, a "frontier incident at Ualual" was given as the pretext. Later the world became aware that this "frontier" place was deep inside Ethiopian territory.

Pageant

¶ Segregation laws challenged
as source of racist chaos

How Jim Crow Was Born

Condensed from *Science and Society*

By Carey McWilliams

SYSTEMATIC discrimination against a racial minority usually assumes the form of segregation.

Segregation is of two general types: passive segregation based on custom and tradition; and active segregation, that is, legally sanctioned segregation. The latter type officially imputes an essential inferiority to those segregated.

Legal discrimination assumes a bewildering variety of forms, such as residential restrictions, occupational handicaps, exclusion from the use of public facilities, denial of the franchise and of equal treatment by the law and miscegenation statutes.

Active segregation is of fairly recent origin in American law. The first legal sanctions took the form of miscegenation statutes, which date from around 1822. Later the so-called Black Codes were adopted by

eight Southern states during the period 1865-67.

But the forms of active segregation, as they exist today, date from around 1876 and are based upon Northern precedents.

The most recent form is residential segregation, which dates from about 1910, although the city of San Francisco unsuccessfully attempted to segregate Oriental residents by ordinance as early as 1890.

On the subject of residential segregation, Booker T. Washington once made an extremely pertinent observation:

"In all my experience, I have never yet found a case where the masses of the people of any given city were interested in the matter of segregation of white and colored people; that is, there has been no spontaneous demand for segregation ordinances."

There is no evidence to indicate that the people of any particular community have demanded the insertion of restrictive clauses in property deeds. Invariably a subdivision company has inserted the clause in

CAREY McWILLIAMS is one of the outstanding legal authorities on racial relations as well as a foremost author. His works include *Factories in the Field*, *Brothers Under the Skin* and *Prejudice*.

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the original conveyances by which it has "deeded out" the property.

In perhaps a majority of cases, the purchasers have not even been aware of the fact that the property was restricted. In some cases, property owners have banded together, after their initial purchases, to impose racial restrictions by agreement. But in these cases it will usually be found that some small organized group, disguised as a Property Protective Association, has conceived the idea of "protecting the area," usually for a fee.

The proprietor of a store can not know, with even a pretense to statistical accuracy, that other than a small percentage of his customers would object if he served Negroes. Yet, in actual practice, it is his initiative that serves to mold the *mores* of the community.

A primary motivation for the Jim Crow laws that began to develop after 1876 was the desire, on the part of certain groups in the South, to prevent "the imminent social and political equality of the Negro."

In large part, however, it was the great upsurge of democratic sentiment, represented by the Populist movement, that prompted this wave of Jim Crow legislation sponsored by reactionaries. For the Populist movement, in its inception, threatened to bring the Negro and the poor white into an alliance against the bourbon South.

After the adoption of the Thirteenth Amendment, liberal sen-

timent in the North became increasingly concerned as the South attempted, by the adoption of the Black Codes, to reconstitute the substance of slavery in the guise of legal regulation. It was the adoption of the Black Codes which brought about the passage of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments and which finally resulted in the adoption of the Civil Rights Act of 1875.

Unfortunately, the Supreme Court declared the Civil Rights Act unconstitutional in 1883. Throughout the South, this decision was construed as the "green light" for discriminatory legislation; and thereafter the Southern states began to enact the system of Jim Crow legislation which is still in effect.

One of the first cases involving the validity of a segregation statute, passed after the adoption of the Civil War amendments, reached the Supreme Court in 1896. The case involved a Louisiana statute requiring the segregation of the races in common carriers. In this case, *Plessy v. Ferguson*, the court upheld the principle of segregation despite the clear provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment. In doing so, it used this language:

"The argument [against the legislation] assumes that social *prejudices* may be overcome by legislation, and that equal rights can not be secured to the Negro except by an enforced commingling of the two races. We cannot accept this proposition. . . . Legislation is powerless

with a knife, but not killed him, was sentenced to death.

On November 24, 1943, a Native soldier was condemned to death for rape of a European girl, while a white man convicted for the second time of rape of a Native woman was given three years.

Like all the other social benefits the Native receives, his education is paid for almost wholly out of the poll tax levied on him, for it is a cardinal principle of South African finance that "the Native must pay his own way."

When certain liberal whites have proposed the abolition of the poll tax as unfair and regressive, most Native spokesmen have opposed such a move, lest their few schools be taken away from them.

Despite the numerical preponderance of Natives over whites in the Union (7.3 million to 2.2 million), government expenditure on education for Natives in 1940 was only £904,978, as against £7,273,275 for Europeans.

The white child in South Africa grows up in an atmosphere of prejudice and contempt which only a rare individual can withstand.

The mere fact that there are three Natives for every white in the Union, and that to the North in the continent are 150,000,000 more blacks, would in itself be enough to instill fear into the race conscious white man.

South Africa knows intimately the entire collection of racialist myths—

kinship of the blacks with the apes, the lower mental capacity of the Native, his incapability of progress, God's curse on the descendants of Ham.

It is hardly just, although it is common, to say that certain elements of the white population are more prejudiced than others.

There lingers the gruesome myth of Boers tying their Native servants to cartwheels and flogging them mercilessly with sjamboks. Such deeds no doubt occur, although the evidence indicates that they are no more frequent than in America. Sadists exist among most peoples.

Actually the farmer's personal relationship with his workers is likely to be one of gruff, patronizing kindness, uncomplicated by any doubt of the Native's inferiority. Since the gold mines present an alternative to farm work, Natives can, and do, boycott farmers who mistreat them or deal unfairly with them.

As usual, poor whites are more inclined than others to crude exhibitions of prejudice, but one may question whether this is any more galling than the daily and hourly evidences, by peremptory orders, tone of voice, and language used, of the general disdain felt by the upper-class whites.

European trade unions have done as much as any other single group to make prejudice felt where it hurts in the means of subsistence.

There are a few organizations (such as the Institute of Race Rela-

tion, two, three, and even four families must share one room.

It is a part of the basic tradition, as well as of South African law, that similar treatment shall not be accorded white and Native labor. The disparity between the wages of the two groups is great.

The strong trade unions of the whites have succeeded in forcing through legislation which reserves skilled occupations for Europeans.

Moreover, the whites firmly believe that a Native is addicted to a low standard of living and that if he got higher wages he would only waste the money in gewgaws.

Finally, although Natives may organize, they are forbidden by law to strike.

The average daily money wage in 1940 for Natives in the gold mines was between 44 and 50 cents, in the Transvaal coal mines 42 cents, in the Natal coal mines 38 cents, and in the Cape diamond mines 64 cents—all exclusive of housing and food and "compound services."

Wages of Europeans in these same occupations, though without maintenance, are generally between six and ten times as high as those just cited.

A Government Commission in 1932 reported that for house servants "a common wage in Johannesburg at present is £3.10s. a month," or about \$14.

Since 1932, of course, wages and prices both have risen. In 1944 a

good average wage in Johannesburg for house servants is £4.10s. [\$22] a month, with living quarters and food frequently in addition.

The general consensus of responsible witnesses throughout the Union is that the Natives are a law-abiding people. Under their tribal system discipline was well maintained, and the habits so instilled into them persist today in the majority of Natives.

Law enforcement in Native sections of most cities is in the hands of white policemen who, because of their attitude toward the Natives, and because promotion is often based upon the number of arrests made, have come to be regarded with enmity and dread.

Roving police vans frequently patrol the locations on Saturday nights and round up hundreds of men who cannot produce their passes.

In recent years Native policemen have been added to the force; evidence seems to indicate that the attitude toward these is much the same as toward the white policemen. Manhandling of Native prisoners is common.

Glaring examples of injustice often appear in the newspapers as reflections of the prevailing attitude among the whites. On November 1, 1943, two Europeans who had flogged a Native to death were given sentences of 21 and 18 months at hard labor, while a Native who had attacked a white man

to eradicate *racial instincts* or to abolish distinctions based upon physical differences, and the attempt to do so can only result in accentuating the difficulties of the present situation. . . . If one race is inferior to the other socially, the Constitution of the United States cannot put them upon the same plane."

The Supreme Court did, however, allow the Negro one meager basis of protest, namely, it did recognize that facilities could not be denied one race which were granted another, and that, therefore, "separate and equal" accommodations must be provided. It was forced to make this limited concession by reason of one basic consideration: that neither the Declaration of Independence nor the Constitution recognizes distinctions between citizens premised upon so-called racial differences.

Jim Crow, as someone observed, was smuggled into the Constitution; it has no warrant in the Constitution itself.

Taking advantage of this limited concession, the Negro has been able since 1876 to fight for some facilities; but, on the whole, it has been a barren struggle. For the Supreme Court, while insisting that the separate accommodations must be equal, has confessed that it is powerless to compel equality of service or facility.

For example, it is notorious that, in the deep South, Negro school teachers are paid less, that the school term for Negroes is shorter than the term for white students, and that

the equipment in Negro schools is uniformly inferior. Obviously, in these respects, the separate facilities are not equal; yet the court has either ignored the discrepancy or confessed its impotence to correct the situation.

By its decisions in the Civil Rights Cases and the *Plessy* case, the Supreme Court relegated the whole question of protecting the civil rights of racial minorities to the states.

Some of the Northern states enacted civil rights statutes after 1875 (there are some eighteen such statutes in force today); while the South proceeded to erect its present Jim Crow system of legal discrimination. Later the Western states, in relation to the Oriental, copied the Jim Crow pattern in considerable detail.

Segregation as a supposed instrument of social order has shown itself a source of social chaos.

During the race riots in Detroit in 1943, rioting occurred in sections of the city inhabited exclusively either by whites or by colored citizens, but not in sections where the two races lived side by side.

Disturbances occurred in plants where black and white workers were segregated; not where they work side by side.

Segregations on railroads, street cars, and in places of public accommodation is purely temporary; segregation in the schools is usually restricted to childhood; but residen-

tial segregation implies that the Negro must always live in an inferior social and physical environment.

Around 1910 various municipalities, principally in the North, began to pass segregation ordinances regulating residential areas. In 1917, the Supreme Court rules that such an ordinance of the City of Louisville, violated the Fourteenth Amendment and was therefore unconstitutional.

The suit involved, however, a white plaintiff, who contended that the ordinance interfered with his right to dispose of his property. It was the restriction on the right to dispose of property to the highest bidder, rather than the social consequences to the Negro, that moved the court to hold the ordinance invalid.

After this decision was handed down, property owners began to insert racial restrictions in property deeds and the courts quickly upheld these restrictions.

In upholding restrictive covenants, the courts have wholly failed to consider the social advantages of diffusion in comparison with segregation.

In the North Negroes find it almost impossible to expand out of the section of the community which they were originally permitted to inhabit. The density of population in Negro sections of typical Northern communities is from two to five times greater than in white sections.

The Negro section is usually located in a zone between the central business district and the zone of workmen's homes.

Absentee ownership is, of course, quite common. As a consequence, the houses and dwellings tend to be dilapidated.

Owners are reluctant to make repairs and officials are hesitant about enforcing sanitary regulations. The potential commercial use imposes a high property valuation which, in turn, discourages repairs or improvements or new construction.

Since Negroes are frequently not well represented in city councils, the area usually suffers from bad lighting, sanitation, paving, and street maintenance. Since the city government can not legally zone property in terms of racial groups, it is unable to make provision for the normal expansion of the Negro community. Spatial segregation narrows the range of employment opportunities makes for civic friction, endangers the health of minority and majority, perpetuates every evil implicit in a biracial social structure, results in geographical segregation in the schools even in communities that provide for mixed schools, and creates a self-perpetuating and socially disastrous complex within the community.

Once these well-known social facts are demonstrated for the courts, a gradual relaxation of the rules upholding restrictive covenants may be expected. But, to date, re-

crowded that malnutrition and disease are the common lot. Pressure of population drives many people to the cities.

The chief reason for cityward migration is taxation. South African economy, particularly its rich gold mines, depends for prosperity upon cheap labor.

In order to secure an adequate supply, the Union Parliament in 1925 enacted a poll tax of £1 a year upon every male Native over eighteen, and a hut tax of 10 shillings upon every family in the Reserves.

Such sums being far greater than can normally be earned upon Reserve land, many thousands of men must leave home in order to earn money for the taxes. Some return home as soon as possible thereafter, but many live away for years; increasing numbers are becoming permanent city dwellers.

The white South Africans candidly admit that its chief purpose is to force the Native to work for the white man. It is true that practically all the educational, health, and public services the Native enjoys are paid for out of the tax, but it is equally true that a large amount of it primarily benefits the white man.

Upon arrival in the city, the Native is not free to come and go as he pleases, except in Cape Province. In the other three Provinces he must immediately secure a temporary pass, valid for one month, during which time he may look for work. It at

the end of that period, he has not found a job he must leave the city.

Natives who have been recruited and those who secure work are given permanent passes. A policeman may demand to see a pass at any time.

A few "advanced Natives" (not more than 14,000) are exempt from carrying passes, but in general any Native appearing outside a location or compound between 10 p. m. and 4 a. m. is likely to be challenged. There are at least 50,000 convictions annually for Pass Law offenses.

The pass requirement is one of the major complaints of the Native, for it stigmatizes him as inferior to every other element of the population and assumes him to be dangerous. The methods of enforcement are often outrageous.

On the outskirts of every city is a series of locations, whose conditions run the gamut from indifferent to appalling. There is no single model location in the Union.

The houses are mere shells. The floors are often bare earth.

There is practically none of the ordinary "essential" services in urban locations—plumbing, sewerage, electricity, street paving, for example. One tap of running water for four blocks of huts is considered generous.

In many locations, because of scarcity of houses and high rentals caused by using skilled and high-priced European labor in construc-

may not vote, own land, bear arms in defense of his country, enter an occupation of his choice, live where he pleases, nor leave the Union.

Discrimination against him is one of the cardinal principles of South African politics and economics. No one of the Four Freedoms, except freedom of religion, has the slightest application to him.

Of South Africa's 10,730,000 people, 7,377,000 are referred to as Natives or Bantus, 845,000 as Coloureds, 278,000 as Asiatics, and the 2,230,000 whites as Europeans. These figures are estimates for 1941.

The *Natives* comprise all people of African descent whose ancestors originally spoke one of the Bantu languages. The term is used to refer not only to those millions who still lead a tribal life but also to the other millions of urban dwellers or farm workers who are either completely divorced from their tribes or return to them only occasionally.

The *Coloureds* are the descendants of mixed unions between early Boer Dutch farmers and Hottentot (non-Bantu) women in the Cape Province or, later, between English settlers and Native women.

The *Asiatics* are mostly Indians of the second generation whose parents were brought into Natal to work on sugar plantations, although there are likewise many Malays and Chinese.

European refers to any white, whether an Afrikaans-speaking citizen whose ancestors have lived in

South Africa for almost three centuries, an Englishman whose family came out three generations ago, or a recent white arrival from Europe or America.

There is by legislative sanction under various acts of the Union Parliament, a "color bar" which discriminates against the Native in all matters of importance: marriage, residence, occupation, taxation, wages freedom of movement, property ownership, and the vote.

Within the Union proper are some seven and a quarter million Natives. Of these, about 45 per cent live in *Reserves*, or *Native Areas*, specially set aside for them and capable of supporting some measure of the former tribal life, free from close contact with white civilization.

About 31 per cent are employed as workers on *farms* owned by Europeans.

More than 500,000 live in *compounds* belonging to the gold and diamond mines or to industrial concerns. A total of 750,000 live in *locations* (segregated districts in the suburbs of cities) and servants' *quarters* in the rear of European homes.

The Reserves comprise only about 7½ per cent of the total area of the country. This means that two-thirds of the population of the Union would have to crowd into one-fourteenth of the land if all Natives chose to live under tribal conditions.

As it is, the Reserves are so over-

strictive covenants have been opposed, in the courts, not in terms of social realities, but in terms of legal myths.

While the task of combating "passive segregation" may well be left to educators, it appears desirable that lawyers and social scientists join forces in a joint attack upon all forms of active segregation, that is, legal discrimination. This attack should be premised upon a recognition of the fact that the principle of segregation is extremely vulnerable to attack in the courts upon the ground that there is no reasonable relation between segregation, as a legal device, and the protection of the public peace, health, and security; and, in the case of residential segregation, that the right of ownership and control must yield, so far as restrictive covenants are concerned, to a public interest that can

be clearly and scientifically demonstrated.

It can be demonstrated, by evidence acceptable to the courts, that segregation actually endangers the public peace, health, and security.

Uniformly the courts have upheld segregation statutes without the benefit of social and economic data bearing on the question of policy involved. By active collaboration in the initiation of a few carefully planned cases testing the constitutionality of segregation statutes and by making available to the courts the wealth of social, economic, and psychological data that has been accumulated on the effect of segregation, lawyers and social scientists can successfully challenge the legal foundation upon which the whole structure of Jim Crow practice rests today.



Time On His Hands

AN OLD NEGRO who had been sentenced to five years in the state penitentiary was asked by the judge if he had anything to say.

"No, sir," said the old man hesitantly. "I reckon not, sir, except maybe to say that you sure are a bit liberal with my time."

Gov. Spessard L. Holland, of Florida